

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXXII. No. 2387

London
November 6, 1946

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THE TATLER

LONDON
NOVEMBER 6, 1946

and BYSTANDER
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One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXXXII. No. 2367



John Vickers

Margaret Leighton in "Cyrano de Bergerac"

Margaret Leighton has made another great success as Roxane to Ralph Richardson's Cyrano in the Old Vic production of *Cyrano de Bergerac* at the New Theatre. Aged twenty-four, Margaret Leighton had been with the Birmingham Repertory Theatre for five years when news of her talent reached Ralph Richardson and Laurence Olivier when they were casting for the Old Vic season at the New Theatre in the summer of 1944. They went up to Birmingham and promptly engaged her as leading lady of the company. During her first season she played Raina in *Arms and the Man*, the Green Woman in *Peer Gynt*, Queen Elizabeth in *Richard II*, and Yelena in *Uncle Vanya*. Last season she was seen as Lady Percy in *Henry IV* and Mrs. Dangle in *The Critic*, and this season is also appearing in *An Inspector Calls* and *King Lear*.



Portraits in Print

Simon Harcourt-Smith

A FEW days since I found myself at a local coursing-meet. The sky was drab, the wind whipped across the stubble from the high Downs opposite, and I staked not a single bet the day through. Yet it was one of the most enjoyable I can recall in many months.

My knowledge of coursing is rudimentary. As a boy I did a certain amount of it on the Berkshire Downs—but purely for the pot, with a couple of animals recognizable as greyhounds only by the criminal formation of their heads, and the upward sweep of their hindquarters. But they must have possessed a reasonably handsome turn of speed to run with any success against the Down hares, who come sometimes half as big as the greyhounds themselves, and are gifted with prodigious staying powers. I

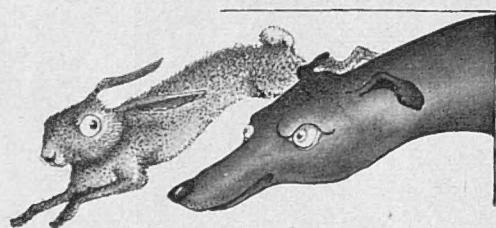
mounted, his red coat all the redder against the grey sky, must it seemed, base his decisions on six different considerations—speed, go-by; turn, wrench, kill and trip, I believe they are. How was I, a complete newcomer, to foretell the qualities, in all these six respects, of some animal of whom I knew only the name—which was probably something obscure like “Kirkcudbright Cutlet.” By nature a gambler rather than a bettor, I get little pleasure from heavy odds on. Anything shorter than one hundred to eight against generally ceases to ensnare me.

Rare Pleasure

NEVERTHELESS, what an enjoyable day! To watch a good course is, I hold, a rare aesthetic pleasure. And a fig for those who talk sneeringly of blood sports! In their wretched little voluble weekly reviews they will be pursuing the most odious blood-sport of all—politics, which these days, even if it does not lead to atomic warfare, to madness, disease and starvation, at least advances fatally towards the concentration camp, the beating-up, the purge, the mass incinerator. . . . Let man show some humanity to man, and then let us consider the abolition of coursing, shooting, hunting (other than otter-hunting which does rather shock one in any case) and the declaration of war upon Spain, not only to overthrow the Caudillo, but also to abolish bullfighting.

The day and the beaters were alike drawing in. More and more hares were flushed, and then came the last course and the final nip in the barn, gusts of laughter to meet the gusts of a wind that was rising outside. I have never been particularly addicted to sports where one's role was that of spectator rather than actor. However lamentable the performance, I like to take my part in the hurly-burly. This day of coursing was the first time I have enjoyed a ceremony of the kind with a whole heart.

I don't think it was wholly a matter of congenial company, and nonsensical laughter. Rather did it give back to me the sense of liberation I used to feel when my work was concentrated in a Chancery, which I could leave far behind, and not in the Pandora's Box of a portable typewriter, which like some sinister relic in one of the *Ghost Stories of an*



“criminal greyhounds”

can still feel the pain in my heart as I pounded far behind the hounds across the turf, praying our quarry would soon make a turn so that by a short cut I should come up close again.

Odds On

BUT the subtleties by which contests are judged in a coursing-meet entirely escape me. A friend of mine had promised, if I would bring ten pounds to the meet, he would infallibly turn it into twenty. There stood the bookie, bawling close at hand—a small man in a black felt hat, a small man with a vast cold nose, and a leathery mouth pulled permanently sideways, no doubt by the confidences so long shouted from the corner of it. But on the average one had to stake fifteen pounds to win four, there being only two entries per contest. Nor, I found, did victory necessarily go to the dog that made the kill. The judge,

Antiquary follows you inevitably everywhere, perches itself upon a convenient table, and cries out “To work, to work!” Conceivably I might myself go in for a tolerable pair of greyhounds one day, if I am not frightened off by the tricks this sport apparently leads to. In any case I would be obliged to keep the creatures far from my home, for when they are trained up to competition standard, hunger and their criminal natures unite to fling them upon any likely meal in sight—and particularly, it seems, upon cats.

The Hindu-Moslem Riots

IN a world of tragedy, what could be more tragic than the riots between Moslem and Hindu which have recently disfigured Eastern Bengal? In Western European history there are few more futile episodes than the religious wars of the Reformation, when whole populations were slaughtered by men of their own blood, over some obscure point of theology, intelligible only to your trained cleric. In Eastern Bengal we are witnessing bloody absurdities of the same sort. Not that I would suggest Hinduism to be as near to Islam as Lutherans or Calvinists were to Rome. But the Moslem fanatics are for the most part drawn from the poorest classes, they are plundering and murdering victims quite as poor as themselves, from an identical social stratum, who might be their brothers but for a caprice of creed. It is seven and a half centuries since the first Mohammedan army under a lieutenant of the great Afghan conqueror Mohammed Ghori penetrated into Bengal; yet still that unhappy province is torn by religious squabbles.



“religious wars . . .”

We tend perhaps to think of the Bengali Hindu as a merchant, a clerk, devoted to a religion whose less endearing ceremonies unpleasantly affect the imagination of the visitor to India. We think of the Moslems as the fighting races of India, the handsome swaggering men of the North, and the people who had a large hand in that phase of Indian culture which seems to us the most comprehensible, graceful and luxurious—the Mogul. But it is a far cry from the luxury of some jade spoon tipped with a ruby, or the diaries of Baber, to the prudish, stern Moslem fanatics of Eastern Bengal. Islam, besides Christianity, has its Covenanters.

Good Plain Cook

LATELY there has appeared in my house an institution which, I had hoped, would never again be allowed to penetrate my doors—someone euphemistically known as a Good Plain English Cook. Of course, for my part, I do not know what the phrase “Good Plain Cook” really means. It seems to be a description as loose as the label “Minor Poet.” Either you are a poet or not. No question of size comes into the issue.

Equally, what is this distinction between Plain Cooking and Cooking? Anyone who has had the least experience in the kitchen will agree that two of the most difficult things to do well are to fry calf's liver and to boil an egg. In neither case can one be sure that a

statutory amount of cooking will always produce the same happy result. How can you calculate the precise freshness of an egg, or the degree to which the cells of the liver have been atrophied by cold storage? Compared to these problems, the confection of "Baba au Rhum" or a "Vol-Au-Vent Financière" is relatively simple. Merely a question of endless patience, some imagination, and an attention to detail almost divine. To be sure, I am persuaded that to cooking alone does Carlyle's absurd definition of genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains" truly apply.

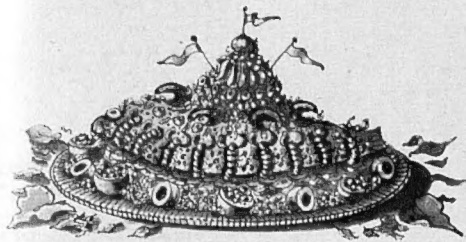
Our beauty would neither take pains, show imagination, nor could she fry liver. Into the bargain, she was dirty, wasteful, and stubbornly shut tight against any new idea. She had not the remotest notion how anything should taste, and refused to find out. Even her only speciality—an Apple Charlotte—was really a purée of cloves slightly flavoured with apple; and what she proudly described as "Her Soup" (thank God she had only one!) was unscummed beef stock into which so much salt had been thrown, one got the feeling she was trying to make a brine with which to pickle our tongues a nice colour.

And yet this creature, fit at most to be employed for washing-up, commanded the wage of a trained cook, and had apparently served various people for years with every satisfaction. It makes one shudder to think what the English upper classes with their celestial fortitude will put up with.

Culinary Gulf

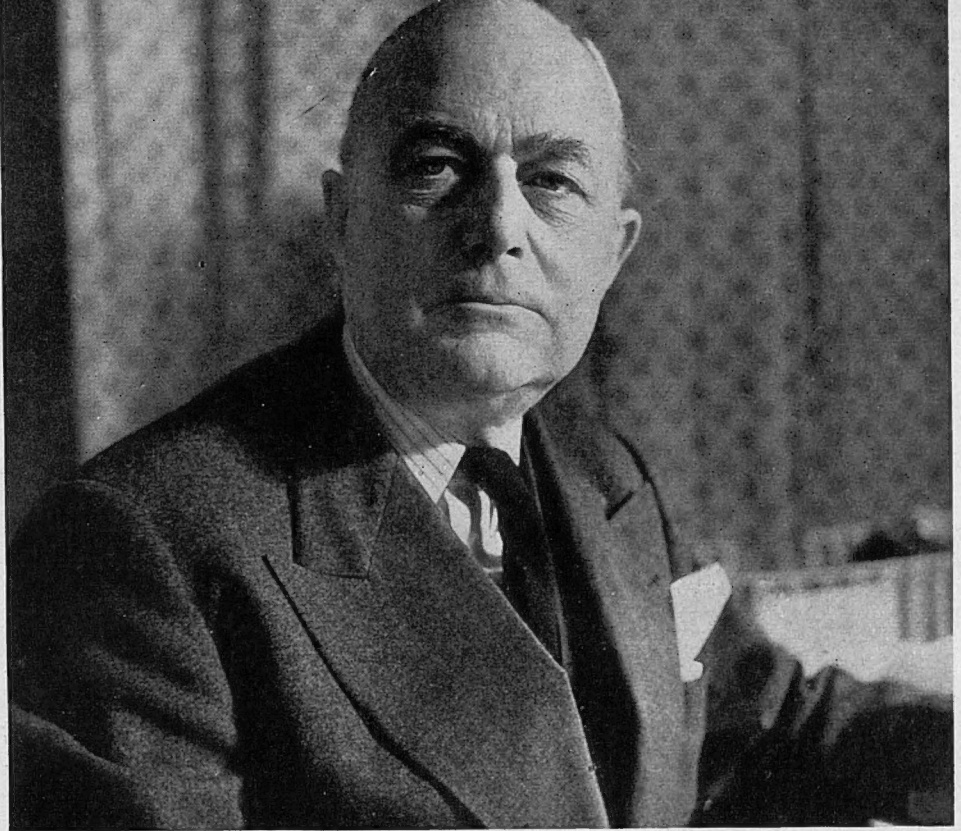
THE experience with the Good Plain Cook has convinced me that the French distinction between "Cuisine Bourgeoise" and "Haute Cuisine" is much more sensible than ours. Basically there are certain principles—not letting your sauces taste of burnt flour, well seizing your meat in the first moments and thereafter constant basting, to take two obvious ones for example—which are common to all cooking. Yet your average English cook, if asked to do anything outside her experience, however simple it may be, will look horrified, then furious, and tossing her nose in the air will mumble something about messed-up foreign dishes.

Of course "Haute Cuisine" in the true sense hardly exists any more. It lingered on in Japanese Embassies and in certain German castles where the chefs still believed a know-



"Haute Cuisine"

ledge of sculpture to be an essential part of their training. O, those swans of pistachio ice! O, those dishes of langouste, with the carapaces as heraldic supporters of a vast block of ice, with an electric light inside; the slices of langouste, each covered with a fine aspic jelly and crowned by a truffle, were poised in a delicate pyramid on the top of the iceberg, and the whole was garnished with red carnations. The salmon that used to come to table bristling with silver skewers on which were neatly arranged écrevisses! I suppose Japanese Embassies and Bavarian castles will henceforth serve American salads of lettuce, pineapple, cheese and mayonnaise. . . . Nor will the demi-tasse and the glass of milk be far away.



His Excellency M. B. G. Prytz, the Swedish Minister in London

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

INTO Gevle, on the romantic Gulf of Bothnia, into Oslo, Copenhagen and Stockholm, recently sailed a ten-ton boat, "Wågen," with a grey-haired, sharp-featured, deeply tanned holiday-maker, accompanied by an elderly helmsman. It was his first return to the indented coasts for six or seven years, and he warmed gratefully to the sun, to the gently lapping waters, the picturesque birches and firs that seemed so far away during endless blitz years in ravaged London.

Momentarily placid Bjorn Gustaf Prytz, King Gustaf's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of St. James's since June, 1938, pondered, as he rounded southern Sweden, on the quaint design of life's tapestry. At small ports at which the motor-aided "Wågen" ("wave" in Swedish) called, people glanced at the trim figure, little realizing they were in the presence of an international figure of the kind so beloved by fiction-writers, a powerful statesman and rich industrialist, guarding a thousand secrets.

But they realized even less that the modest-looking visitor had touched the depths often, and not been dazzled by the record heights; they noticed that he diffused sadness, even when he smiled hesitantly with lips tenaciously clasping a cigarette.

LIFE began in the sixteenth-century home of a prosperous Gothenborg family. Conditions changed, and the Prytzs decided to emigrate with seven children to the mother's homeland, Great Britain. Soon Bjorn was in the sixth form at Dulwich, having meanwhile developed anti-British feelings for the first (and only) time over the Boer War.

Privation later threatened in Berlin, and the youth tried to teach French and English. Desperately poor, he turned to selling insurance. In 1903, aged sixteen and a half, he toured farms and dairies in the narrow lanes of Belgium and Holland, riding a bicycle to the back of which was attached a Swedish milk separator. Young Prytz was now warned that his lungs required a more sunny climate, so he hired an ancient omnibus (vintage 1902) and five or six Arabs helped him tour Algiers and Morocco for eighteen months. He was again selling, this time agricultural machinery.

Stockholm called, with post as foreign representative of a milk-separator firm. Several years later the young man joined the giant ball-bearing concern, S.K.F., as advertising manager. He was twenty-five. But he was old enough in the Great War to build factories for the company in New York and Philadelphia.

In 1919 a startling telegram reached the young man, who only fourteen years previously had been in desperate straits. Overnight almost he had become one of the most powerful industrial magnates in a kingdom twice the size of Great Britain, and was president of S.K.F., a post worth many thousands of pounds yearly.

When the head of the Swedish Match Company ended his life, Sweden's Prime Minister called on Prytz to take over Krueger's post, with its ramifications in half the capitals of the world. The returned emigrant was also chairman of the Swedish Export Association, an important and influential concern. By his handling of the match company's affairs throughout the world Prytz saved Sweden vast sums of money.

IN 1937, recognizing that war was round the corner, King Gustaf requested Prytz to take over Sweden's key post, the Legation in London. Extensions of time were granted and he enjoyed Oriental sunshine, watched the misery of war's rehearsal in Burma, China, Japan, and returned to the nerve centre, Britain, again. There was plenty to learn about diplomacy in London in June, 1938, for the new boy attended classes with such masters as Maisky, Ribbentrop and Grandi.

London work was no fun for Prytz, for Sweden determined on maintenance of neutrality in this war, and it is said that Prytz delivered more protests to Lord Halifax than any other foreign diplomatist. In the intervals he motored to his weekend cottage, played bridge and ruminated in his comfortable first-floor book-filled study.

Surreptitiously Prytz and his country helped the Allies on a scale far greater than most people recognize, in a dozen fields. But nevertheless Prytz, envoy of a civilized, rich and cultured State, will probably leave the London mission, early in 1947, still a Legation; though Sweden occupies more territory, and has twice the population of her sister Norway, which during the war, after invasion, secured promotion to an Embassy.

George Bilainkin



POUSHNOFF

Photographed by
Tasker, Press Illustrations

Although he made his first public appearance in 1896 at the age of five, Leff Pouishnoff's parents wisely decided to develop, not exploit, his gift. He therefore studied until he graduated from the St. Petersburg Conservatoire in 1910, when the career confidently prophesied for him began, and has reached its maturity in spite of the interruption of two World Wars. He was first heard in London in 1921, became a naturalized Englishman ten years later, and during the war gave hundreds of recitals to factory, dock and mineworkers, and played to Allied troops all over Europe and the Middle East. Since the early days of radio he has broadcast extensively. The photograph is an impression of a recent concert in the Albert Hall, when he played Beethoven's Third Pianoforte Concerto with the London Symphony Orchestra

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

No, Mr. Box!

MR. I. H. DE WYNTER has forwarded me on behalf of his firm, Dewynters Ltd., a copy of *This Year of Films* compiled by Ion Hammond. There are many excellent photographs, which would be better if the paper were better. The bulk of the letterpress



consists of the opinions held about the films of 1946 by thirty-one eminent critics representing twenty-six newspapers and the B.B.C. The book begins with a highly provocative article by Mr. Sydney Box entitled "Are Critics Human?" He asks the old question: What is a critic's

function? If I read Mr. Box rightly, the first duty of a film critic is to express no opinion.

For the average critic in the daily Press I think the fairest form of criticism is that adopted by the old-time critics who describe the film and the players so that their readers know the type of film to be presented and are left to form their own conclusions as to whether it is the kind of entertainment they are likely to enjoy.

Let Mr. Box be informed that this is not criticism but reporting. Personally I should consider scavenging or going round with the dust-cart to be a job better worthwhile. I quite understand the average film producer's dislike of criticism. Forty-nine per cent of them have no culture and no intelligence other than financial; their only test for the goodness or badness of a picture is the amount it grosses. Forty-nine per cent are clever men who know that they can sell rubbish to the morons and cynically sell it knowing it to be rubbish. The odd two per cent are interested in the cinema as an art, aim at making good pictures, and take an intelligent interest in criticism.

Now would Mr. Box kindly like to look at the matter from the critic's point of view? I don't care how many people queue up to see *What's for Afters?* starring Gloria Gumboil and Harold Hoof. I am no more interested in this than, as a literary critic, I care how many copies of Martha Mush's latest novel are bought by nursemaids. It is time, too, that producers were told that critics are not the servants of the film trade. A critic owes fealty in two directions only—to the art he criticizes and to his editor. No man has any right to criticize an art that he dislikes. Given that he likes that art his next business with it is to seek to get to know its laws and formulate his standards. He will say what he thinks because he is not in touch with any other kind of truth. I know what I think when a young woman gets on a horse, says "Wuff-wuff" in what is supposed to be

a man's voice and holds up a stage-coach. I know what I think when a young woman in white kid shoes and twenty-four creaseless confections pursues the tsetse fly to its lair in the African jungle. I know what I think, and I say it. But I cannot have the vaguest notion how such nonsense will appeal to the man opposite me in the bus. My duty to my editor? This is very simple. It consists in providing him with reading matter which, in his opinion, his public will find readable.

AND here comes a delicate point. Should the mindless newspapers employ mindless critics to minister to those papers' mindless readers? There is no question of should or shouldn't. *They do!* I have no doubt that those critics are read with delight by Mr. Box and give every satisfaction at his Box-office.

Now let me take an example of the opposite sort. The book quotes Richard Winnington saying of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*:

M-G-M have dismissed largely the original story of James M. Cain in favour of a complicated and, to be fair, exciting enough, battle of wits between the lovers and the authorities after the murder. Which is just as well, as they never showed a sign of the sort of passion from which such deeds spring, nor any appetite to enjoy the sordid rewards of their illicit love as they did most emphatically in the book. Played by John Garfield and Lana Turner, they are a couple of nice nitwits who like swimming more than anything—the most reluctant murderers ever filmed. And as a reward for their essential niceness they are allowed to die with an air of noble abnegation and, with the blessing of the prison chaplain, to find love and happiness in death. The instruments of law, on the other hand, the police attorneys and lookers-on, are crooks, double-crossers and cynical sadists, resorting to every low trick of the calendar. Now could this be satire? Or could it?

This seems to me to be admirable criticism, and I can quite understand ninety-eight per cent of producers not liking it.

I HAVE not found anywhere in this book a single criticism which gave me the impression that it was written out of spite or for the sake of being funny. When a film is, artistically speaking, palpably dishonest, then I think the more fun the critics make of it the better. I am all for hard-hitting. Just before I sat down to write this article I received from New York a copy of George Jean Nathan's *The Theatre Book of the Year, 1945-46*. The foreword ends:

When censorship in New York and various other cities freely allows some such filthy dose of garbage as *School for Brides* a free rein and yet clamps the lid on or forbids the presentation of some such honest play as *The Captive*, even the monkeys at the zoo are to be forgiven for hitting themselves frantically on the head. It doesn't make sense.

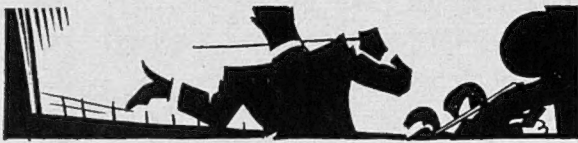
Yes, I think hitting should be as hard as that. Talking of hitting, the book ends with a first-rate defence of criticism by Stephen Watts. Remember those Chinese nests of boxes each getting smaller and smaller till you wonder whether the last one will turn out to be non-existent? Watt's article is like that. You come to the end of it and find that there is no Mr. Box left.

"No man has any right to criticize an art that he dislikes." The reason that I rarely, if ever, have anything to say about musicals is that they seem to me to be hideous to look at and horrid to listen to. The first sequence in *The Kid from Brooklyn* (Leicester Square) plumbs unheard-of depths of idiocy. Live cows in Technicolor, with the Goldwyn Girls stroking their tails and dewlaps! Shall I then condemn the musical part of this film? No. I shall just say that never can imbecility have been more glamorously peddled. Shall I say that a young woman called Vera-Ellen dances, for my taste, much too often and keeps on too long? No, I shall say that obviously every nursemaid, typist and shop-girl in the country will wish she was in Vera-Ellen's shoes.

Now let me get back into my proper self and say that the non-musical part of this film is the funniest thing I have seen in years. That like everybody else in the theatre I laughed till I cried. That in addition to the polished absurdities of this burlesque about the boxing-ring there was a great deal of genuine wit. But whose wit it is impossible to say since the programme tells me that the present version has been made by Don Hartman and Melville Shavelson from a screen play by Grover Jones, Frank Butler and Richard Connell, working on a play by Lynn Root and Harry Clork. However, the wit is there all right, and the best of it is admirably delivered by Eve Arden. Excellent performances by Walter Abel, Steve Cochran, Lionel Stander, and Fay Bainter.

Danny Kaye as the pretended boxer is, in my view, best when he tries least. In the boxing set-up he is extraordinarily amusing throughout, and then comes a long dancing scena, which proves how much cleverness and brainwork a good comedian can put into something that does not suit him, and remain desperately unfunny! Well, there it is. There is not enough of the musical stuff seriously to upset anybody, while those who like musicals will not be put off by the fact that one of the seven cooks was obviously an ironist who knew that a pinch of satire wouldn't spoil the broth.





Straight Plays

GRAND NATIONAL NIGHT. Leslie Banks a pleasant murderer has the audience on his side, with Hermione Baddeley in a dual role. Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. 6.45; Weds., 2.30; Sats., 2.30, 6, 8.30.

THE TURN OF THE SCREW. Henry James' terrifying short story with Elspeth March and Louise Hampton. Arts, Great Newport St., W.C.2. 9; Sats., 3, 5.30.

THE RISING SUN. Produced by Beatrix Lehmann. Story of the struggle of a small shopkeeper, translated from the Dutch. Arts, Great Newport St. 6.30; Sats., 9.

PICK-UP GIRL. Semi-documentary which takes place in a court for juvenile delinquency very powerfully put over. Casino Theatre, New Compton St., W.1. 6.45; Weds., Sats., 2.30.

VANITY FAIR. With Claire Luce as Thackeray's attractive and mercenary heroine, and Victoria Hopper. Comedy. Panton St., W.C.2. 7; Tues., Thurs., Sats., 2.45.

THE GUINEA PIG. Humour and some serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W.1. 6.30; Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

MESSAGE FOR MARGARET. Emotion and conflict between the wife and mistress of a dead man both with the name Margaret. Flora Robson as the wife. Duchess, Catherine St., Aldwych. 7; Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY? Ralph Lynn on a precarious second honeymoon, with Elsie Randolph as his cheerfully unwanted first wife. Duke of York's, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. 6.30; Weds., Sats., 2.45.

AWAY FROM IT ALL. By Val Gielgud with Raymond Lovell. A mixed bag of people who retreat to a Pacific Island. Embassy, Swiss Cottage. 7; Thurs., 2.30; Sats., 5.45, 7.45.

FOOLS RUSH IN. Derek Farr, Glynis Johns, Joyce Barbour, in another Quiet Wedding story. Fortune, Covent Garden, W.C.2. 6.45; Weds., Sats., 2.30.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. John Gielgud as an idealist murderer in stage version of Dostoevsky's novel. Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. 6.30; Weds., Sats., 2.15.

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. Dorothy Hyson, Isabel Jeans, Griffith Jones, Geoffrey Toone, in Oscar Wilde's decorative comedy of a capricious woman. Haymarket, Haymarket, S.W.1. 6.45; Weds., Sats., 2.30.

THE WINSLOW BOY. Terence Rattigan's play on the Archer Shee case, with Angela Baddeley, Walter Fitzgerald, Emlyn Williams. Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. 7; Weds., Sats., 2.30.

CASTLE. From November 19. The result of marriage between stage and aristocracy in 19th century with Brenda Bruce and Morland Graham. Lyric, Hammersmith, 7.

THE OLD VIC THEATRE COMPANY in King Lear, An Inspector Calls, Cyrano de Bergerac, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson and Pamela Brown. New, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. 6.30; Thurs., Sats., 2.15.

THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH. Vivien Leigh in Thornton Wilder's history of mankind in comic strip. Piccadilly, Piccadilly Circus, W.1. 7; Weds., Sats., 2.30.

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD. Epigrammatic wit and murder in a social house-party. A. E. Matthews, Robert Douglas, Mary Jerrold. King St., S.W.1. 7; Weds., Sats., 2.30.

THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER. Arthur Young as an old pawnbroker in a murder mystery with a surprise ending. St. Martin's, West St., W.C.2. 6.45; Sats., 7.45; Tues., Fris., 2.45.

THE FIRST GENTLEMAN. Robert Morley as the Prince Regent urbanely grandiloquent and Joan Hopkins as the ill-fated Princess Charlotte. Savoy, Strand, W.C.2. 6.30; Weds., Sats., 2.30.

FIFTY-FIFTY. A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green. Strand, Aldwych, W.C.2. 7; Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

THE POLTERGEIST. Gordon Harker does some violent ghost-laying with hilarious consequences. Vaudeville, Strand, W.C.2. 6.30; Tues., Fris., 2.30.

WORM'S-EYE VIEW. Farce about a group of R.A.F. men in a civilian billet, with Ronald Shiner as a good-natured black-marketeer. Whitehall, 14 Whitehall, S.W.1. 6.30; Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

NO ROOM AT THE INN. Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting and a powerful play. Winter Garden, Drury Lane, W.C.2. 7; Weds., Sats., 2.30.

CLUTTERBUCK. Basil Radford and Naunton Wayne as a couple of husbands and Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings as their wives, all together on a cruise. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. 6.45.

Plays With Music

BIG BEN. Charles B. Cochran's operetta is a skit on the House of Commons, with music by Vivian Ellis and libretto by A. P. Herbert. Adelphi, Strand, W.C.2. 7; Tues., Sats., 2.30.

SWEETEST AND LOWEST. Hermione Gingold and Henry Kendall deliciously malicious as ever in the third edition of this revue. Ambassadors, West St., W.C.2. 6.30; Tues., 2.30; Sats., 5.15, 8.30.

THE NIGHT AND THE LAUGHTER. Bud Flanagan in a mammoth musical. Coliseum, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. 6.45; Mon., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

TREBLE TROUBLE. A farce with Jack Buchanan and George Gee, from November 7. Garrick Theatre, Charing Cross Road.

PERCHANCE TO DREAM. Music, romance and spectacle in the celebrated Novello manner with Ivor Novello, Roma Beaumont, Muriel Barron. Hippodrome, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. 6.15; Weds., Sats., 2.15.

FOLLOW THE GIRLS. Arthur Askey frisking through a music and dancing show in the musical comedy pattern. His Majesty's, Haymarket, S.W.1. 7; Weds., 2.30; Sats., 5.30, 8.30.

SONG OF NORWAY. Operetta based on the life and music of Grieg, unauthentic but colourful. John Hargreaves and Janet Hamilton-Smith. Palace, Cambridge Circus. 6.30; Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

HIGH TIME. Music and laughter by Tessie O'Shea, with Halama and Konarski. Palladium, 8 Argyll St., W.1. 6.30; 8.30; Wed., 2.30.

UNDER THE COUNTER. Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the black market, assisted by Hartley Power and Thorley Walters. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd. 7; Weds., Sats., 2.15.

PICCADILLY HAYRIDE. Sid Field in more inimitable sketches. Laughter, music and dancing. Prince of Wales, Cranbourne St., W.C.2. 5.30, 8.30.

THE SHEPHERD SHOW. Richard Hearne, Eddie Gray, Douglas Byng, and Marie Burke are some of those who contribute to this show. Princes, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. 7; Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

HERE COME THE BOYS. Jack Hulbert and Bobby Howes team up for some fun and frolic. Saville, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2. 7; Thurs., Sats., 2.30.

This list is correct at time of going to press, but we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any subsequent alterations.



Cyrano de Bergerac (Ralph Richardson) the man who, in his ugliness, is too diffident to woo except by proxy



Roxane (Margaret Leighton) listens entranced to the words of the unprepossessing Cyrano—

The

PLAINLY our actors and producers can alike rise equal to the peculiar demands of *Cyrano*; but not, alas, our translators. The Old Vic's version of Rostand's glorious gasconade is in English, and the virtuosity of the supple, sparkling French verse has proved altogether too much for Mr. Brian Hooker. Possibly he would have done better had he never set eyes on Humbert Wolfe's previous rendering, and possibly he should never have taken his eyes off it: the result could not either way have been worse.

STILL he need not take his defeat to heart. This particular play is likely to remain largely untranslatable. Its witty *tours-de-force*, pretty jingles and poetical fireworks await an English Rostand, and him we can scarcely expect until some centuries after the climate of this island has changed and our fancy has been warmed by sun and wine into something wholly different from what it is—something capable of an exquisite and generous sympathy with romantic swagger and of a melancholy at once voluptuous and witty.

Why then, it may be said, revive a play which cannot be translated? Mr. Ralph Richardson and Mr. Tyrone Guthrie between them give the answer. The revival as it stands



The Old Vic Produce "An Inspector Calls"

Mrs. Birling, sublimely unaware that she is to be drawn into the vortex of self-revelation, treats the forthcoming examination by the Inspector very lightly (Julien Mitchell, Margaret Leighton, Marian Spencer and Ralph Richardson)

BACKSTAGE

with *Beaumont Kent*.

IT can hardly be said in these days that the public doesn't get its share of Shakespeare or that it is neglectful of the Bard. Even *Lear*, never considered one of his most alluring works, is a potent draw. So successful is the Old Vic production at the New Theatre that the final performance will not take place until January 4 next year.

Next Old Vic production will be Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist* in which Ralph Richardson, Joyce Redman and George Relph will be seen. It opens at the New in January. The final production of the present season will be *Richard II* with Alec Guinness (who has made good in such diverse parts as the Fool in *Lear*, the wastrel son in Priestley's *An Inspector Calls* and De Guiche in *Cyrano*) in the star rôle.

Robert Donat, who courageously staged the never very popular *Much Ado About Nothing* at the Aldwych, intends to play all the great classic parts as opportunity occurs—Hamlet, Macbeth and Petruchio among them—but whether he will do so at the Aldwych remains to be seen. It is a laudable plan. "I feel," he says, "that I have been so much in films that I have got to catch up with my stage career."

★ ★ ★

IN addition comes news that the Piccadilly will soon be housing Shakespeare. On December 18 Godfrey Tearle and Edith Evans begin a season with *Antony and Cleopatra* which, directed by Glen Byam Shaw, is now having a successful provincial tour. This will be followed by *Othello* in which Tearle will play the Moor. The third offering will be *Macbeth* starring Michael Redgrave.

★ ★ ★

The Skin of Our Teeth ends at the Piccadilly on December 14. Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier (who varies playing Lear with presenting and producing the American hit, *Born Yesterday*, which opens at Glasgow on November 18) will then leave for Hollywood. They hope to appear together in a film if a suitable subject can be found.

★ ★ ★

AN important part in *The Glean*, the new play by Warren Chetham Stode (author of *The Guinea Pig*), which opens at the Globe on December 4, will be played by Elspeth March (Mrs. Stewart Granger). Jack Minster, producer of *The Guinea Pig*, who has just returned from America where he successfully launched *Lady Windermere's Fan*, is to direct.

Minster tells me that he will be returning to New York later this year to produce *The Guinea Pig* there, as well as *Washington Square* which had been adapted from Henry James's story.

★ ★ ★

ROBERT LAMOURET, the French cabaret star who has made such a hit in the Sid Field show, *Piccadilly Hayride* at the Prince of Wales's, is to hold an exhibition of his paintings shortly after Christmas. He studied art in Italy and as a student painted his way through Africa, Iran, Greece and Turkey. In order to make both ends meet he began cabaret work and got the idea of making models with which to perform. "Dudule" is Lamouret's duck but he also has parrots, dogs and monkeys which he operates with his hand and arm.

Piccadilly Hayride is expected to run for eighteen months, and after it comes off Lamouret will pay his first visit to America.

★ ★ ★

THE next production at the Embassy, Swiss Cottage, to be produced for Anthony Hawtreys by Basil Dean, will be *The Day of Glory* by story-writer H. E. Bates. Set in the early days of the war it deals with war-time problems, and the cast will include Raymond Huntley, Gwynne Whitby, Gerard Heinz, Mary Morris and May Martlew.



—uttered through the lips of the handsome and engaging de Neuville (Michael Warre)



Sketches by Tom Titt

The haughty Comte de Guiche (Alec Guinness), nephew of Cardinal Richelieu

"Cyrano de Bergerac" (New)

would address himself, but in Mr. Richardson's interpretation the appeal is to something more than our own foolish romanticism. In *Cyrano* we are made unconsciously to see the image of all mankind as a creature of divine intelligence tied to a preposterous nose. That this image shines through the rough translation is proof of a notable performance.

THERE are so few other good parts that the producer takes rank as second player. Mr. Guthrie, seeing that he could not change his company into French men and French women, has evidently been stirred by this regrettable limitation to his very best. The 1640 crowd scenes are handled with imaginative vigour, the love scenes with sympathetic grace, and they have been dressed and painted delightfully by Miss Tanya Moiseiwitsch.

Miss Margaret Leighton is a glittering Roxane, Mr. Alec Guinness and Mr. Nicholas Hannen make something plausibly gallic out of the odious Comte de Guiche and the poetical pastrycook, and Mr. Michael Warre gives Christian his dues as a splendid "clod untroubled by a spark" of poetry. But it is Mr. Guthrie who shares the honours with Mr. Richardson, and there really are honours to be shared.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

is immensely enjoyable. It is the medium of first-rate acting and of first-rate production, and, for all the dead patches of dialogue where poetic fancy has been laboured into earth-bound prose, we are intermittently brought to the mood in which laughter and tears blend, as it would seem, naturally.

Perhaps we never grow so old as to be incapable of remembering with tenderness the innocent hope that romance would somehow manage to gloss over our ineradicable defects and make us her own. To that faint but cherished memory, *Cyrano* makes his more superficial appeal. He has only one defect, but that should be sufficient, a nose which resembles a peninsula. And he contrives to be, beyond the wildest dreams of youth, romantic. While he fights a duel he improvises a ballad, spitting his man on the final word of the refrain. He attacks and routs a hundred men and, above all, he wins the heart of Roxane whom he adores by putting his words, unknown to her, into the mouth of a handsome rival.

IT is the note of this fantasy that everything that happens in it is both comic and pathetic, and however *Cyrano* was played it would be to these antithetical emotions that the actor



Sheila Birling pleads with her mother not to treat the Inspector's questions lightly, for she is soon to realize that she has contributed to a tragedy involving the rest of the family as well



Sheila returns her engagement ring to Gerald (Harry Andrews) when she has been told by the Inspector that the dead girl was Gerald's mistress the previous summer

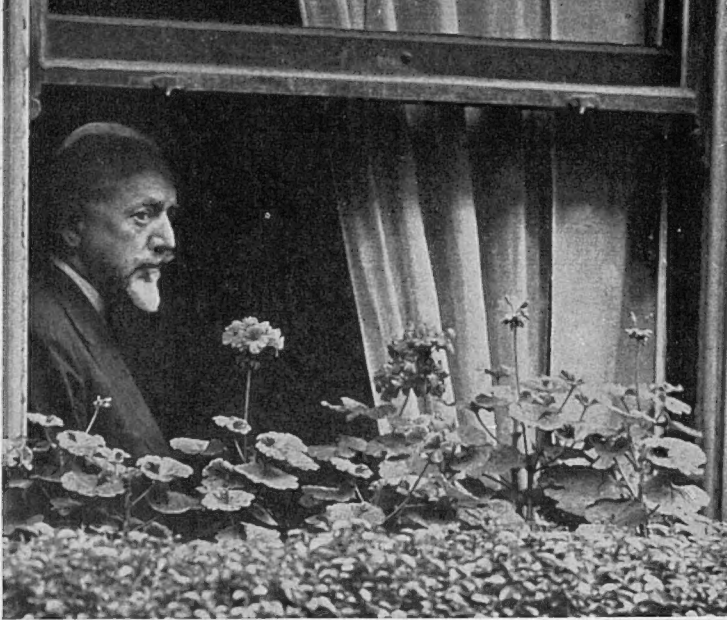
John Vickers

SELF-PROFILE

Clifford Bax

By

Clifford Bax.



He is, at sixty, one of the liveliest and most commanding figures of the British Theatre today. Master of a wholly individual style, he is the younger brother of Sir Arnold Bax, Master of the King's Musick, and lives in the Albany, off Piccadilly

ONE odd thing about being a writer—perhaps I might say a serious writer—is that most people assume that you must be “left wing.” I am always receiving invitations to join left-wing ventures, and I suppose the reason is that for the last thirty years the majority of our “Intellectuals” have been either socialists or communists. This is partly due to Mr. Bernard Shaw and the late H. G. Wells, partly to fashion and partly to a belief that this is the only world which we shall ever know.

You can imagine, I am sure, how tiresome it is to have it taken for granted that you hold opinions which are exactly the opposite of your own! The fact is that none of my views is fashionable. For instance, from an early age I have been intensely interested in ancient Indian philosophy, and for the last twenty years I would have called myself a Buddhist. It is pleasing to watch Mr. Aldous Huxley, a much more influential and more respectable thinker than I am, moving steadily, it seems, in the same direction, but of course the fashionable writers deplore the change—as though he had gone native. “Poor fellow,” they seem to say, “Poor fellow. . . .”

WELL, if I really must write about myself, perhaps I had better say that until I was nearly fourteen you would have considered me a nice, healthy English boy, mad about cricket and likely to become a sailor or a doctor; but one rainy day in the Isle of Wight, during the family's spring holiday, I picked up a copy of Keats's *Poems* and read *Lamia*, and from that moment could hardly have been anything else than a writer.

True, I did hope to be also a painter. Indeed, I spent a year at the Slade School, where we worked really hard, and afterwards at Heatherley's where, in those days, the students were gay rather than industrious. At the Slade I received most attention from the celebrated and awe-inspiring Henry Tonks. You probably know the legend that on one occasion, having gazed sadly for some time at a girl's drawing, he rose to his towering height and asked sardonically, “Can you sew?” I certainly saw this aspect of the great man occasionally, but I do not believe that he ever said an unkind word to any student who was obviously very much in earnest.

NO one, we believe, is better equipped to write the intimate truth about John Smith than John Smith himself.

The *Tatler* has, therefore, asked a number of outstanding personalities in the arts to contribute a series of unique first-hand pictures of themselves. Mr. Clifford Bax opens the series.

I continued for a few years trying to combine my two small talents, but there came a time when I realized that my figure-drawings, for example, were too much like careful maps. The line was not living; and what I like to see is a pencil that appears to move over the paper like a living creature. The most magical pencil which I have ever watched was that of Mrs. Lesley Blanch, a wicked being who abandoned drawing for journalism.

NOW I distressed my parents by resolutely refusing to attempt the Little-go which, they hoped, would result in my going up to “King's,” and when I had also abandoned painting, they must have wondered whether I was ever going to do anything at all. With remarkable magnanimity they then arranged for me to make a voyage round the world, and at eighteen this is an unforgettable experience. I saw Japan as it was forty years ago, the men still in a transitional stage of costume, with kimonos around them and bowler hats on their heads; and I saw Canton when it was still a medieval town. It had only one small printing press and the printer worked by the light of two dim electric bulbs. There, too, I witnessed the beheading of a pirate who was kneeling in the middle of a little “piazza.”

After this it was fascinating to visit what was then German New Guinea, and Australia and the North Island of New Zealand. What is more, I arrived at San Francisco two days after the “fire”—in other words, the great earthquake. The city was still burning and the tramlines looked like switchbacks at a fair. Sometimes I regret that I did not even attempt the Little-go (I have never passed an exam in my life), but sometimes I think that this long journey may have been a lucky alternative. I missed Rupert Brooke, but at least I came back with a sheaf of beautiful Chinese poems, translated into rather odd English by my charming old Japanese guide. (He had fought in the revolution of 1868.)

SUCCESS? I had a small one when I was twenty-five. Maurice Elvey, now so well known as a film-producer, presented a little play in rhyme called *The Poetasters of Ispahan*, a comedy, and it had a fairy-tale success, for not only did a publisher buy it at once but old Sir Charles Wyndham booked it as a curtain-raiser for the Criterion. But after that? After that, I was in the wilderness for a very long time. When I was thirty-five, and could see no likelihood of anybody ever accepting a play or a book by me, I wondered if I could, even at that advanced age, become a farmer. I have always felt that farming is the most honourable and fundamental of all occupations. Everybody laughed at the notion, but I was quite serious.

Then, on a windy day at Ranelagh, Sir Nigel Playfair saw a little rhymed duologue by me, and

before long he sent me the sort of telegram that we all dream of. Would I, it asked, reconstruct and partly rewrite Gay's ballad-opera *Polly*, the sequel to the vastly successful *Beggar's Opera*. It was certainly a mighty success, and I wonder that nobody revives it. I know that Frederick Austin, who (shall I say) overhauled the music, considers that the tunes in the sequel are lovelier even than those in the original piece. Perhaps our public does not really much care for ballad-opera? I used to think that it was exactly the right form for people of our race.

Anyway, I persevered with ballad-opera for a few years, and also did some fake-Dryden for Sir Nigel's production of *Marriage à la Mode*. Sir Nigel once said that Alan Herbert was a descendant of Gilbert, and I of Gay. But as if to prove myself a more substantial sort of person, I then took to writing those historical plays by which, perhaps, I am, if at all, best known. I mean *The Rose Without a Thorn*, *The Immortal Lady*, *Socrates* and *The Venetian*. It almost goes without saying that my own preference is for my ugly ducklings—my failures—*The House of Borgia* and *Golden Eagle*. I expect it is always so? It is curious to find all sorts of people coming up to congratulate me on historical plays which were written by other people. I wonder if they, in turn, are supposed to have written my plays? It seems very probable.

I BELIEVE I am expected to utter a few literary opinions, and so I will at least say that, although I have found Mr. Bernard Shaw to be a most charming person, I do not set him nearly so high as most of our contemporaries do. The best poet of my time was, surely, W. B. Yeats; but of living poets I would vote for Andrew Young and Victoria Sackville-West, whose work is of “major” quality.

There are several writers to whose new books I look forward. You can never be sure of what Mr. Priestley may offer: his finest play, *Johnson Over Jordan*, was, I think, his only failure. Our best dramatic critic? Alan Dent. Our best novelist? I do not read many novels, but I should think that L. A. G. Strong must be in the running. Our best stylists? Charles Morgan, Osbert Sitwell, Siegfried Sassoon and, at one time, James Agate. Our best artists (if I may return to my one-time “beat”)? Augustus John, of course, and Matthew Smith and Harry Jonas. The wildest of horses could not drag from me the names of those whom I think to be our best play-producers or players: though you may find fifty-two of the players in a handsome book which will appear, we hope, in time for the giving of Christmas presents.

I am trying hard to “retire,” just as a grocer or a stockbroker retires, but the harder I try the more do publishers put tempting subjects before me. If only they had done so when I was in my twenties and thirties!

THE PRINCESSES WERE BRIDESMAIDS

MAGNIFICENT in its simplicity and quiet dignity was the marriage of Capt. Lord Brabourne and the Hon. Patricia Mountbatten, which took place in Romsey Abbey in the presence of Their Majesties the King and Queen. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of Winchester, the Vicar of Romsey (Canon W. H. B. Corban) and the Rev. A. B. Ronald.

Arum lilies were the only flowers in the Abbey, huge vases of them gracing the chancel steps and filling the vases on the altar. Lord Louis' tall agent, Cdr. North, in Naval uniform, supervised seating the guests with the other ushers, who included Prince Philip of Greece and the Marquess of Milford Haven (cousins of the bride, and both in Naval uniform), the Earl of Plymouth and the Earl of Brecknock.

The Abbey was filled not with all the usual socialites to be seen at most big weddings, but with near relatives and friends of both families, tenants, estate workers, and employees from the Mountbatten and Brabourne estates, 500 townspeople of Romsey, and representatives of all the local organisations, and men and women who had served with the bride's parents and the bride and bridegroom during the war years.

THE bride was a radiant figure as she walked up the aisle with her father, Viscount Mountbatten of Burma, wearing a classically-cut wedding dress of exquisite Indian silver and gold brocade, and a lace veil mounted on tulle, which was held in place by a pearl and diamond tiara, a gift from her mother. She was followed by four bridesmaids—T.R.H.s Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, Princess Alexandra and the bride's sister, the Hon. Pamela Mountbatten—all wearing long, pale-blue crêpe dresses, with wreaths of flowers in their hair which matched the flowers in their bouquets. The best man was S/Ldr. Charles Harris St. John, in R.A.F. uniform.

The reception at Broadlands was very small, as most of the house is still used as a hospital. Here Viscount and Viscountess Mountbatten received the guests with the bridegroom's mother, Doreen Lady Brabourne, and the bride and bridegroom. Lady Louis looked enchanting in a pale-blue dress, with a little feathered hat to match. Lady Brabourne had chosen royal blue for her dress and hat, with which she wore several strings of lovely pearls and two fine diamond clips. From here guests passed into the second room, where Their Majesties stood chatting to friends, the Queen looking charming in grey. In another group a little further on were the Duchess of Kent, wearing a bright emerald-green hat with a long, dark brown velvet coat, talking to the bridesmaids and best man.

AMONG other guests were H.R.H. Princess Andrew of Greece, Admiral Sir Alexander and Lady Patricia Ramsay, the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven, the bride's grandmother, Agatha Marchioness of Sligo, the bridegroom's grandmother, the Marchioness of Milford Haven, and her sister, Lady Zia Wernher, with Sir Harold Wernher, the Earl of Stanhope, Lady Moya Campbell, Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, the bride's aunt, Lady Delamere, with Lord Delamere, Lady Mount Temple, the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, Sir Felix Cassel, the Countess of Brecknock, in red, and the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester came on, and so did Admiral Sir William and Lady Slim (the bridegroom was his A.D.C., after being wounded three times, before he went as A.D.C. to Lord Louis). Major-Gen. Sir Charles Lane, on whose staff the bride worked as a third officer in the W.R.N.S., Dame Vera Laughton Mathews, Lt.-Gen. Sir Henry Pownall with Lady Pownall, and Major-Gen. and Mrs. Brian Kimmins. Two sailors met among the many men in Naval uniform were Lord Mountevans with his Norwegian-born wife, and Rear-Admiral Cyril and Mrs. Douglas-Pennant. Sir Clive and Lady Liddel, Sir James and Lady Sleeman, Lady Dunbar-Naismith and Mrs. Beatrice Girouard were others there. Further details of the reception, and of the tenants' reception that followed, are given overleaf.

Viscount Mountbatten and his daughter leaving Broadlands for the Abbey

Swabe

LORD LOUIS' DAUGHTER WEDS LORD BRABOURNE

Their Majesties Attend the Impressive
Service in Romsey Abbey



Viscountess Mountbatten arriving
at Romsey Abbey



Princess Alexandra of Kent (right) and the Hon. Pamela
Mountbatten, the bride's younger sister



The Duchess of Kent on her way
to the Abbey



The King toasts the bride and bridegroom during the reception held at Crosfield Hall for the estate tenants and employees. In the group are the Hon. Pamela Mountbatten, Princess Margaret Rose, Doreen Lady Brabourne, Viscount Mountbatten, the Queen, Lord and Lady Brabourne, the King, Viscountess Mountbatten, Sir Felix Cassel, Princess Elizabeth, and the best man, Squadron-Leader Charles Harris St. John



The King, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret Rose, the Queen
and Prince Philip of Greece on their way to the Abbey



Lord and Lady Brabourne After the Wedding

THE TWO RECEPTIONS

AT the reception at Broadlands (referred to on page 169) the bride cut the wedding-cake with a sword and then the King proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, wishing them long life, every happiness and the best of good luck, to which the bridegroom replied with a few brief words.

After this Their Majesties, with the bride and bridegroom and their attendants, the bride's parents, the bridegroom's mother and Sir Felix Cassel went on to a second reception at Crosfield Hall, where there were several presentations from the estates of both families, and the King again proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. After Lord Brabourne had replied to the toast

the bride made a charming speech, saying she had that day fulfilled a lifelong ambition by being married in the beautiful Abbey at Romsey, and was so happy to see so many of their friends with them.

At this reception I met Mr. Bracken, who is in charge of Viscount Mountbatten's estate, Classiebawn Castle, Co. Sligo, and has been with the family since 1901, with his wife. This was his first visit to England, and, he said, the proudest day of his life, as he had been presented to H.M. the King. This was only one happy incident of this simple and friendly wedding.

Jennifer

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL



Bertram Park
Mrs. Eion Merry is the wife of Major E. J. H. Merry, M.C., Royal Horse Guards, of Lucknam Park, Chippenham, and daughter of the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Crichton. Her father is a son of the fourth Earl of Erne. She has two daughters, aged eleven and eight



Harlip
Lady Beckett, youngest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Esher, is the wife of Sir Martyn Beckett, Bt., son of the late Hon. Sir Gervase Beckett and of Lady Marjorie Beckett. They were married in 1941, and have two children



Pearl Freeman
Mrs. H. St. Clair Colson is the wife of Surg.-Rear-Admiral Colson, C.B., C.B.E., Medical Director-General of the Navy. Mrs. Colson, who comes from the Cape, is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bergh, of Kenilworth

JENNIFER'S GALLERY

THE Service of Intercession for the United Nations at St. Paul's, which was attended by Their Majesties, members of the Diplomatic Corps, members of the Cabinet, representatives of all the Services, and a big assembly from all walks of **AT ST. PAUL'S** life, was most impressive in its great simplicity.

Following a stirring sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the prayers included one asking for God's blessing and guidance upon the Assembly of the United Nations in New York, and that the day may be hastened when war shall be no more. His Majesty, wearing the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, and the Queen, in a soft dove-grey with silver platina foxes, were met at the West Door by Sir Charles Davis, the Lord Mayor of London. In his robes of office, carrying the City's sword, he preceded Their Majesties up to their seats, and laid the sword on a cushion in front of the King.

The Earl of Athlone, with Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who wore a fox coat over her dress and a gay little ostrich-feather hat, sat with the Marquess of Cambridge just behind. The Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Jowitt, and Sir Stafford Cripps were in the next pew.

Among the Diplomatic Corps I saw the Norwegian Ambassador and Mme. Colban, the Chinese Ambassador and Mme. Cheng, the French Ambassador, the Netherlands Ambassador and Mme. Michiels van Verduynen, the Egyptian Ambassador, and Mr. Dorsay Fisher, of the U.S. Embassy.

Helen Duchess of Northumberland, the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Cecil, Hon. Life President of U.N.A., Lord and Lady Woolton, Lt.-Gen. Browning, Lord and Lady Ebbisham and Lady Davis were among others in the big congregation.

NOT for a long time have I seen such a gathering of the Royal Family as at Burlington House at the pre-view of the wonderful collection of pictures from the King's art treasures at Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle and other Royal homes. The King, who had made the exhibition possible, came with the Queen and Princess Elizabeth, in a long, buttoned coat of pale beige and a blue off-the-face hat, and Princess Margaret, also in beige with a blue hat. Sir Alfred Munnings, President of the Royal Academy, presented to Their Majesties a group of members of the Council, including Dame Laura Knight, and the members of the Hanging Committee, among them Sir Gerald Kelly, Sir Richard Molyneux (who helped King George V. to arrange many of the paintings at Buckingham Palace), and Mr. Anthony Blunt, the young Surveyor of the King's Pictures.

BURLINGTON HOUSE
Meanwhile, a group of the Royal Family waited at the head of the stairs. Queen Mary, looking her regal self, in black, was there with her grandson, tall, good-looking Viscount Lascelles, in Grenadier Guards uniform; the Princess Royal, in red, came with her husband, the Earl of Harewood; the Duchess of Kent, in dark brown, was talking to her Comptroller, Lord Herbert; Lord Athlone came with his daughter, Lady May Abel Smith, and her husband; Lady Patricia Ramsay was with her husband, Admiral the Hon. Alexander Ramsay; Lord and Lady Mountbatten were both there in uniform.

Among the other guests from the Royal households and friends I saw Helen Duchess of Northumberland, Countess Spencer, Lord and Lady Claud Hamilton, Sir Alan Lascelles, Sir Ulick Alexander, the Earl of Cromer, Lady Hardinge of Penshurst, Sir Piers Legh, Capt.

the Hon. Andrew and the Hon. Mrs. Elphinstone, Lady Margaret Egerton, Major Thomas Harvey, Major Arthur Penn, Sir Godfrey and Lady Thomas, Lady Mary Strachey and Lady Hyde. The Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, the Queen's brother, and his wife came with the Royal party from the Palace, and left with them again at five o'clock, after what was to everyone present, including Queen Mary herself, surely the most knowledgeable of Royal art connoisseurs, a wonderful experience. As the King remarked, no one has ever seen these pictures so well grouped, or shown to such advantage before, since the lighting arrangements in many of the Palace corridors are not designed for art shows!

THE private-view day for this wonderful exhibition was very crowded, and it must have been difficult for many people to see the pictures properly. I heard many saying they were coming again when they could really appreciate the wonderful works of art adorning the walls. Among those I saw were their Excellencies the

[PRIVATE-VIEW DAY]
Portuguese Ambassador and the Brazilian Ambassador, the Earl of Cromer, going around quietly alone, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale, who were down from Scotland to go to the wedding of the Marquess's nephew, David Hay, to Mr. Osbert and Lady Joan Peake's second daughter, Iris. The bridegroom is the heir-presumptive to the Marquisate of Tweeddale. The Marchioness of Crewe, looking charming in black with a little blue feathered hat, came along after lunch. Lord Iliffe was going round the galleries with his tall, attractive daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Langton-Iliffe. Major and Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick were admiring the lovely Stubbs paintings. This was not surprising, as Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who before her marriage was Lady Nuttall, widow of Sir Keith Nuttall, who died on active service, loves horses. She owned that good horse *Faites vos Jeux*, and hunted in Leicestershire before the war.

The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, hatless and wearing a gay tricolour scarf with her fur coat, and carrying an original plastic handbag which displayed the contents, spent a long time in the galleries. Lady Munnings was in black, with a new Pekinese tucked under her arm. Mr. William Teeling, M.P., Mme. Catusse, over from Paris on a short visit, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Strutt, and Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Delstanche were others I saw.

I RECENTLY went to a very successful ball at Sandhurst, which was held in the Cadets' Mess. The room presented a gay scene decorated with coloured lights, Japanese lanterns and fir-trees. One of the first people I met was the Earl of Cathcart, who is the Adjutant there. He married Miss Rosemary Smyth-Osbourne last July. Among the dancers were Miss Diana and Mr. David Keith, the Hon. Gloria Curzon, in a black picture frock, Mr. Robin Campbell and the Hon. Peter Strutt. Two suppers were served in an adjoining room, where there was abundant champagne as well as an excellent oyster-bar.

SANDHURST BALL
Here I saw the Hon. Henry Lumley-Savile and his attractive young wife, who wore a Grecian dress of sea-green crêpe; Miss Jean Macdonald-Buchanan, Mr. Archie Fletcher, Miss Marigold Bridgeman and Mrs. Milner.

Mr. Geoffrey Bourne-May escorted Lady Mary Crichton's elder daughter Barbara into supper. Lady Maclean was there too, and told me her husband had unfortunately been sent up to Scotland for a conference that night and so was unable to accompany her to the ball.

JOURNAL

HUNT BALLS have already begun, starting with the Suffolk, who have the original idea of always having their ball on the eve of the opening meet: this year they held it on November 1st. The North Cotswold and the South Oxfordshire have

HUNT BALLS BEGIN

both chosen the night of November 15th. The South Oxfordshire are holding their ball in the R.A.F. Officers' Mess at Benson, and are giving a percentage of the proceeds to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. The next I have heard of is the Cambridgeshire Farmers' Ball, which is to take place in the Guildhall, Cambridge, on November 21st.

The Fitzwilliam Hunt have planned theirs early, too. It is going to be held in Peterborough on December 6th.

THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY recently gave a luncheon in honour of the Egyptian Prime Minister, H.E. Ismail Sidky Pasha, and his Minister for Foreign Affairs, H.E. Ibrahim Abd-el-Hady Pasha. Unfortunately, H.E. Ismail Sidky Pasha was ill and

ANGLO-EGYPTIAN LUNCH

could not attend the luncheon, so H.E. Ibrahim Abd-el-Hady Pasha deputised for him, receiving the guests with H.E. the Egyptian Ambassador, Sir Thomas Cook (chairman of the Society), and Lady Cook. After lunch the Rt. Hon. Arthur Creech-Jones, Secretary of State for the Colonies, made a speech, to which the Egyptian Minister for Foreign Affairs responded.

Among the guests at the luncheon, over which H.E. the Egyptian Ambassador presided, were Azzam Pasha, Said Bey, Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, the Earl of Cromer, Lord Stansgate, who has just returned after many months in Egypt; Lord Broadbridge, Sir Ronald Campbell, Sir Kinahan and Lady Cornwallis, Catherine Lady Headley, Sir Hugh and Lady Lett, Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, Sir Percy and Lady Loraine (Sir Percy was High Commissioner for Egypt from 1929-33), Sir Richard Allen and his brother, Mr. Harold Allen, Mr. Arthur Rank, who is Hon. Treasurer of the Society; Sir Alfred Webb Johnson, Major Bates, Sir Frank Sanderson, Lady Suenson-Taylor, Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, Lady Cohen, Mrs. Bousfield, Brig. and Mrs. Smyth, Sir Eric Crankshaw, Miss Georgina Cook, looking sweet in green; Sir James and Lady Marshall-Cornwall, and diplomatic representatives of Iraq, Lebanon, Saudi Arabia and Syria.

ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, was crowded for the wedding of Mr. John Alan Metcalfe and Miss Ann Monck Mason Fisher.

The bride, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Fisher, of Barley's, Sussex, was given away by her father, and looked charming in a gown and train of white broché, while

WEDDING AT ST. MARGARET'S

her long, white tulle veil was held in place with a head-dress of gardenias and stephanotis. The four bridal attendants were children, two enchanting golden-haired pages, Anthony Duckworth, the bride's cousin, and Michael Heathcoat-Amory, who wore long, white corded silk trousers and frilled shirts; and two little girls, Jacqueline Powell and Juliet Buxton, who looked very pretty in their long, white silk corded dresses, carrying posies of pink and blue flowers to match their head-dresses.

The bridegroom is the elder son of Sir Aubrey and Lady Metcalfe, of Little Mongeham House, Kent, and the best man was his younger brother, Mr. Patrick Ross Metcalfe.

The reception was held at 23, Knightsbridge, where an unending stream of guests wished good luck to the bride and bridegroom.



Simone Simon, the French film actress, and Colonel Povov, dining at the Bagatelle



Miss Pamela Arliss, Mr. Peter Moore, Mr. George Perinal, Mrs. McCorquodale (Barbara Cartland) and Mr. Leslie Arliss at Ciro's



Renée Gadd, the actress, and Raymond Huntley at Ciro's. He has recently appeared in "Fear No More," at the Lyric, Hammersmith



At the Mirabelle were Lord and Lady Newtown Butler. Lord Newtown Butler is the Earl of Lanesborough's son and heir



A foursome at the Mirabelle were Miss S. Harter, Captain Freeman Attwood, Miss E. Mostyn-Owen and Mr. R. Hughes



Miss Babette Falck, Mr. R. Travers, Miss Virginia Hutchinson and Mr. Michael Akroyd were at a table for four at the Mirabelle

Swaebe

DINING-OUT IN LONDON

Racing at Lingfield

The recent meeting at Lingfield was most successful, and a large attendance watched a full and varied afternoon's racing. It was a day of triumph for Gordon Richards, who won the Lingfield Autumn Oaks on Mr. H. G. Blagrave's Petite, and was second in both the Caterham Handicap and the Marsh Green Stakes. He was also first in the Shipley Bridge Stakes, but was disqualified on a technical point



Miss Vivian Bennett and Mr. Tom Egerton were among those at Lingfield



Mr. Gerard Leigh, his fiancée Miss Jean Leslie (now Mrs. Gerard Leigh) and Lord and Lady Roderick Pratt

The Anglo-Egyptian Society Luncheon



Mme. Armanazi, wife of the Syrian Minister, Lt.-Col. Sir Thomas Cook (chairman) and Moustafa Amin Bey



A. A. Ghaleb Bey, Lady Marshall-Cornwall and Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood of Anzac and of Totnes



The Syrian Minister, Lady Altrincham, H.E. H. M. Said Bey (Iraq diplomatic representative) and Lady Loraine



Lady Cook, H.E. Ibrahim Abd-el-Hady Pasha (Egyptian Foreign Minister, in whose honour the luncheon was held) and H.E. H. M. Said Bey



Mrs. Lund and Mr. and Mrs. Derick Wilson found a sheltered spot from the showers



The Hon. Mrs. Paul Greenway, Miss Susan Sutherland and the Hon. Paul Greenway



Mrs. John Dewar, wife of Mr. J. A. Dewar, and Prince Jean Caraman de Chimay

THE DAILY
AND BYSTANDER
NOVEMBER 6, 1946

Reception by the Afghan Minister



H.E. the Chinese Ambassador with His Highness the Afghan Minister



Mme. M. Ali and H.E. M. René Massigli, the French Ambassador



Mr. and Mrs. Davis, the Mayor and Mayoress of Kensington



Lt.-Col. Sir F. Humphrys and General Sir J. Shea



H.E. the Venezuelan Ambassador (right) and Mr. Cheke, of the Diplomatic Corps



Mr. E. Ingrams, Miss A. Chadwick Brooks, Mrs. Chadwick Brooks, Mrs. E. Ingrams and Mr. J. Chadwick Brooks. The reception was given to celebrate the King of Afghanistan's birthday

MICHAEL KILLANIN

An Irish Commentary

LAST month a meeting was held under the chairmanship of Dr. Sheridan at the Dublin Mansion House, to discuss the formation of an organisation in Ireland similar to the National Trust in England. This meeting was the result of representatives from various public and learned societies getting together to launch a scheme. Now a provisional committee is hard at work producing a Constitution for the organisation. The next few months should see the completion of the preliminaries and then we shall have a body which has long been lacking in Ireland.

The resolution passed after the Mansion House meeting approved of the formation of a society whose duties included the preservation of places of natural beauty, buildings of architectural or historic interest, and furniture, pictures and chattels of national or artistic merit.

TO avoid confusion with the English and Scottish National Trusts, and also to avoid any political misunderstanding, it was obvious that the word "National," though very descriptive, could not be used. The provisional name is the Association for the Preservation of Places of Interest or Beauty in Ireland. The committee is faced with the problem of finding a better name. It will, doubtless, and rightly, be in Irish, but it should be a word which is easily pronounced phonetically by the non-Irish-speaking.

The secretary and one of the most industrious in the organisation is Mr. Jack Sutton, by profession a tailor, who has interested himself in An Oige—the Irish youth movement. The provisional committee includes Professor Felix Hachett, Lord Rosse and Sir Shane Leslie, whilst the circular-letter calling the meeting included all political beliefs and creeds. It must be rare to see Lord Iveagh and Jim Larkin both supporting the same cause; but it is a healthy sign, which shows that all Irishmen, whether they be natives or recent settlers, realise the need for such an organisation.

DURING the recent years several fine houses have found their way into the hands of the speculators, whilst others have been left to fall into ruin. The end of the war and the difficulty of travelling in Europe brought many Englishmen to Ireland this summer, and our heritage in architecture, whether in town or country, has impressed them. In the past we have taken it as a matter of course, and are just beginning to realise what we have inherited. Not only does the formation of the Trust show this, but also the interest and excitement caused by the erection of the new C.I.E. (Transport Board) building so close to the fine Customs House, or the steps which are being taken by the Dublin Corporation to ensure the fine façades of the Dublin houses are not spoilt when essential alterations to modernise are made within the buildings.

It is strange, and rather an anomaly, that Dublin should have been preserved after the Union owing to poverty. The last century



Fayer

did not see the building of the enormities which deface the cities and towns which felt the full blast of the Industrial revolution.

It is of interest to note that the English National Trust only owns one property, Kanturk Castle, in Eire, although it is active in the North. Kanturk was handed to the Trust in 1900—five years after the formation of the Trust by Octavia Hill, and the castle dates from the mid-sixteenth century.

WALTER STARKIE is leaving Dublin to take up a permanent post as the British Council Representative and Director of the British Institute in Madrid. He first went out to fill these posts back in 1940 when Trinity College temporarily released him. During the past year there has been much talk of his

Lord Killanin, who from this issue onwards is writing a fortnightly Irish letter for *The Tatler*, is well known both as an author and as a journalist, a field in which he has had considerable experience. Educated at Eton, the Sorbonne and Magdalen College, Cambridge, he has worked on the staffs of several of the leading newspapers and has been a war correspondent and a political columnist. During the war he served with the K.R.R. (Queen's Westminsters) and was awarded the M.B.E. in 1945. Last year he married Miss Mary Sheila Cathcart Dunlop, only daughter of Mrs. Dunlop, of Oughterard, Co. Galway.

returning to the Professorship of Spanish. He has returned, but we now learn that he is only remaining at Trinity until the spring, when he will go back to Spain.

Starkie is a great wit, and his rotund and Johnsonian figure will be much missed in Dublin, where his good company was much sought.

Outside Dublin, Starkie is perhaps best known for his Raggle Taggle books about his wanderings in Spain. His sister Enid, who wrote on Baudelaire and her own family reminiscences, is a lecturer at Oxford, so there will still be a member of the family leading an academic life.

LONDON has had an opportunity of seeing and judging Irish painting. Cecil Philipps, of the Leicester Galleries, has spent much time over in Ireland studying our present school of painting, which has been termed by some a "Renaissance." Last year he took over a few pictures, including some by Louis Le Brocqy, Nora McGuinness and Maurice McGonigal. This year he collected some eighty works by sixteen different painters. It was very representative of Irish contemporary painters, though, unfortunately, Jack Yeats was not represented.

The London exhibition did not cause a great stir, though it was well attended, and when I looked while over there the number of red tickets was quite considerable. It did, however, show how we were developing our own school on national grounds, and although one found it hard to see any distinct common feature as one found with the French Impressionists, or Camden Hill schools, there was great individuality.

There appeared little to connect Father Jack Hanlon's thin and bright colouring, Cecil Salkeld's smooth and more sombre painting, Le Brocqy's advanced impressions or McGonigal's realism, yet they were all Irishmen painting Irish subjects in Ireland. It was interesting to note that the painter's impressions of his own country were as varied in their ideas and views as those of our politicians.

WHILST the exhibition was on in London, where two paintings by Daniel O'Neil were being shown, this painter had his own exhibition in Waddington's Gallery in Dublin. O'Neil is a young man from the North. He worked in a garage at night so that he might spend the daytime painting. He is virtually self-taught, and has found a form of expression peculiar to himself. His work has been compared to various painters, but it would appear to be very original, although showing signs of study of the French school. His colour is laid on thick, and if he worked by night and painted by day it is strange that some of his best work represents night scenes such as his "Moonlight at Sea."

As I write this note, Jack Yeats has an exhibition opening in Dublin, and I hope that London may soon have another exhibition of his latest works again. He certainly paints the atmosphere of our country, whether it smells of stout, circus sawdust, or the sea-breeze.



Priscilla in Paris Autumn Pastiche

WHAT a beautiful city this is! There are certain moments when the aspect of familiar things strikes one with sudden, breath-taking amazement. The happy, leaping flames of the first autumn wood fire; the copper-coloured shower of falling leaves; the massed flower-stalls of the *Marché aux Fleurs*; the silvery beauty of the floodlight hour, when old buildings stand out against a dark sky that seems so low one imagines one can touch it; the Tuileries gardens on such a morning as this.

I was out before nine; an hour when workers are already at their tasks and the drones have not yet crept from under cover. An almost empty motor-bus tempted me to ignore the more rapid but underground Metro. The early mist had not quite cleared and the sunshine was like a golden haze above the river; further along, the brilliant *parterres*, already a little changed by the cold nights, were all tinged with orange, but still beautiful. In such a little while now the beds will be tidied for the winter, and of all the gay colours nothing will remain but the damp and glossy green of the box-wood borders against the neatly-raked brown earth.

In the narrow streets around the St. Honoré market the push-carts were still laden with the translucent golden and green Chasselas grapes that are so plentiful this year . . . and still so dear. In the *primeur* shops great mounds of peaches and purple figs made one's mouth water! (Is there any fruit more luscious than purple fig bursting out of its velvet sheath?)

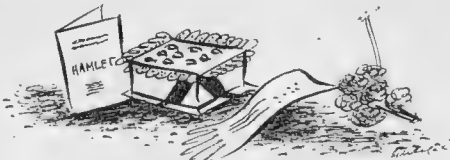
Except, perhaps, a white one! By the time we reached the Place de l'Opéra the mist



had entirely cleared, the sun shone warmly, there were even people taking breakfast at the little tables outside the *Café de la Paix*, and the scene was more Paris-of-Before-the-War than I have seen for many a day. A *sergent de ville* held back the switch of the traffic lights an extra moment to let me cross the road and actually smiled when I thanked him. A *midinette*, who jostled me, said "Pardon, Madame!" A stocking shop advertised some near-Nylon hose for 300 francs a pair (also two coupons!), and at the *Chemins de fer Britannique* I found a reservation on the Golden Arrow waiting for me, so that the hope I have of being in London next week seems, most incredibly, coming true! What more could any woman want?

THE gasp of rage and astonishment that went up in Paris when the news of Goering's suicide came must have been heard the whole

world over. Personally, *ça me laisse froid*, as the Parisians say. The whole long-dragged-out business had become nauseating. So far as revenge goes—for those it makes happy—we have had it. The last days of these men, who considered themselves above the common laws of humanity and for so long imagined themselves immune from punishment, must have been satisfactorily (from our point of view) hideous (from theirs).



Many years ago I was at a party in Berlin where Goering was the little tin god of the evening. He was not married then, and, as well as doping, he made grandstand play of another pretty little vice. I shall never forget the vision of that fat, foxy-eyed man, all airs and graces, in his pearl-grey uniform hung and bestarred with medals and orders, and wearing a magnificent, square-cut emerald pinned under his chin. I wonder what has become of the wonderful collection of precious stones he was so fond of exhibiting to his envious little friends.

THE theatres have been busy with new productions, of which the two most important were *Le Mouton Noir*, by M. Denys Amiel, at the Théâtre de Paris, and Jean-Louis Barrault's presentation of *Hamlet* at the Théâtre Marigny. The Amiel play is one of those post-other-war elaborations à la manière de Bataille and Bernstein. A panting, hair-tearing, teeth-gnashing, bosom-heaving affair, all temperament, tears and trouble, but it was saved by the wonderful acting of Valentine Tessier and Claude Genia. We were also amused at being reminded of how seriously one took one's love-affairs in the dear, dull days of old.

The Barrault *Hamlet*—M. André Gide's new translation—is the biggest box-office success that has been seen in Paris since the war. Not a line of advertisement in the papers, not a poster, not a placard, and yet queues are forming up outside the booking office from dawn to dusk. Unfortunately, the spectators are more "quantity" than "quality," judging from the way the "paying public," on the second night, forced the doors that were closed after the curtain rose, pushed its way in, and held up the ghost while it seated itself.

The less I say about M. Gide's translation, the better. The critics are all raving, and such erudite personages as Robert Kemp and Gérard Bauer know their job, but I cannot enjoy hearing the whole speech that follows: "To what base uses may we return, Horatio . . ." shortened to "le plus grand César n'est plus qu'un peu de cendres"; neither did I like Ophelia's exit, after the mad scene, muttering the Lord's Prayer as she pitter-pattered off. The part was played by little Jacqueline Bouvier, a lovely twenty-year-old, who in private life is Mme. Marcel Pagnol. Pagnol also is giving us a new *Hamlet* that is to be produced this autumn

at the Comédie Française. One rather wondered why Mme. Pagnol did not play in her husband's version. Now we know. 'Tis true 'tis pity and pity 'tis 'tis true that actresses who are young and lovely enough to "look" certain parts almost invariably lack the experience or the understanding needed to play them.

The décor and lighting, in the Gordon Graig manner, attests to Jean-Louis Barrault's admiration for that great Master of the theatre, but the stylised costumes were as stiff and horrible as every forced effort towards originality always is. Yet whatever criticisms one may make about the production, the great fact remains that Barrault is the finest Hamlet that I have ever seen on this side of the Channel and his performance should not be missed.

Shakespeare's tragedy is to alternate in the Marigny programme with Marivaux's *Les Fausses Confidences*, in which Madeleine Renaud (Mme. Barrault) will appear. These two ex-Sociétaires of the Comédie Française have leased this theatre for five months. Another of their productions will be a new play by Armand Salacrou and the complete pantomime-ballet *Baptiste*, by Jacques Prévert, music by Kosma, part of which was given in Marcel Carné's famous film *Les Enfants du Paradis*, which, I believe, has not yet been seen in London.



Voilà!

● Raimu, the great French actor whose recent death is such a loss to both the stage and the screen, was staying at one of the big hotels of Bourbon-les-Bains this spring. During dinner one night a noisy visitor wrongly complained that his expensive bottle of wine was corked. The wine waiter was insolent, and it looked as if a fight was imminent. Raimu rose and, hobbling on his two sticks, went over to help pacify the angry client, who, he discovered, was very drunk. Raimu's great, rumbling voice rolled forth. "Leave him alone, you fool," he said to the waiter, "can't you see he's so drunk that he can only stand on his feet because he's sitting down?"



Geoffrey Wainwright (Hugh McDermott) explains to the correct English family how difficult it was to persuade Mary, the wife of the host's eldest and absent son, to dine with him. (Denis Gordon, Marian Manisty, Stuart Lindsell, Yvonne Owen, Anthony Forwood, Mary Jerrold, A. E. Matthews, Hugh McDermott, H. G. Stoker)

The Lonsdale Manner at the St. James's

BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD sparkles, as do all Frederick Lonsdale's plays, with witty, epigrammatic dialogue, though the central theme is murder. The scene is a family gathering in a Scottish country house. One of the sons of the house, the 'black sheep' of the family, tries to blackmail his sister-in-law, and is "erased" by her former lover, an American, whose letters are the cause of the blackmail. The rest of the play shows the family doing their well-bred best to shield the culprits



Mary (Yvonne Owen) tries to make it up with her husband, Richard (Robert Douglas). He has returned from active service to find that his wife has been unfaithful and that her lover was the American who is staying in the house



The American, Geoffrey Wainwright (Hugh McDermott), overhears Gerald (Michael Gough) trying to blackmail Mary with his letters. He gets the letters from Gerald, and in the subsequent fight accidentally kills him

Swarbrick



The outraged bridegroom (Derek Farr) tells his reluctant bride (Glynis Johns) that he does not think her happiness so important that she can't take a chance like anybody else

Marriage Not À la Mode at the Fortune



The bride (Glynis Johns) with her delightful mother (Joyce Barbour) and her father (Bernard Lee), who divorced her mother some time ago but unexpectedly turns up for his daughter's wedding



Angela, the bride's mother (Joyce Barbour), tells her fiancé, Charles (Hugh Dempster), that they cannot eat a wedding-cake in cold blood. She does not meet his suggestion to turn it into a trifle with enthusiasm

KENNETH HORNE'S amusing little play, *Fools Rush In*, is on a Quiet Wedding theme. A bride about to go to the church seeks seclusion before the ceremony to read the marriage service. When she discovers its finality she refuses to go through with the wedding. This arouses furious disappointment in the bridegroom, consternation in the rest of the family, and fires the train of a variety of amusing incidents



Alexander Bender

Pam (Glynis Johns) discovers that there are no qualifications in the wedding service, and tells her mother (Joyce Barbour) that she finds she cannot be married after all. Her mother, however, finds her objections rather confusing

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

HENCEFORTH, instead of roaring to its Maker, in a fine redfaced full-periwigged Hanoverian-Whig outburst, to scatter and confound its enemies and frustrate their knavish tricks, the Race will take a less violent line, we note from that revised edition of Verse 2 of the National Anthem recently used officially at St. Paul's. World-brotherhood and fraternisation on equal terms with lesser breeds without the Law is the new theme, and how Kipling would have loved it.

In our unfortunate view the most nutritious verse of the Anthem (composed 1745) is still Verse 4, which nobody dares to sing any more, *et pour cause*, as Parisian columnists say:

Lord grant that Marshal Wade
May by thy Mighty Aid
Victory bring;
May he Sedition hush,
And like a Torrent rush,
Rebellious Scots to crush,
God Save the King.

This could be easily adapted to suit any nervous Whigs who equally fear the fiery Scottish Nationalists of 1946.

O may dread Monty leave
Nothing of Mr. Grieve,
And, in his frenzy,
May he in collops slice
Linklater and MacNeice,
And carve up in a trice
Compton Mackenzie.

As a fellow-Celt we deplore this unreasonable attitude, especially as we furiously admire Mr. Mackenzie. Nevertheless we can see the other side. As in every Nationalist movement, half these chaps are poets, and (as in Plato's Republic) poets have no place in the New

Utopia, apart from a few shaven, branded, numbered, and licensed by the State. Think of this next time one of them asks you huskily for the price of a flop.

Thrill

MAGNETIC storms, according to a Canadian scientist, can "push the North Pole around 150 miles." At this very moment it is 200 miles northeast of the position marked on the maps, he avers.

Poe being dead, there's probably nobody who could weave this into a nice grisly story about an explorer chased round in magnetic storms by the North Pole. Poe did write a story (*MS. Found in a Bottle*) about a strange ship caught in concentric circles and rushing into a deep gulf round the Pole. The aged muttering captain had a fiery eye and the crew paced the deck with unquiet and tremulous step; any Harley Street psychologist could instantly have sized up the lot as manic-depressives. A big magnetic storm pushing the Pole around simultaneously would have rounded off the story very nicely. Oh, horror upon horror! Ha! Prendergast! You tremble, my friend? Ha, ha, ha! (*Maniac mirth.*)

Afterthought

WHETHER the mystery-boys dope themselves now in an attempt to out-shock Poe we wouldn't know. The master himself overdid the heavy stuff now and then, as in *The Fall of the House of Usher*, which crashes long after one has ceased to care. To-day Poe would naturally turn the place into flats—"Usher Court"—with a separate shudder on every floor, apart from the prolonged and hellish delirium into which all the tenants would fall every quarter-day. Which would upset you more, being gibbered at by the North Pole or some firm of legal ghouls in Bedford Row?

Rap

INJUSTICE to Donatien-Alphonse-François, Marquis de Sade (1740-1814), was one thing which (for us) marred the Fleet Street boys' moralisings on a recent case of sadistic murder. They seemed to assume the Marquis was a precursor in the art.

Vile as he was, de Sade never murdered anybody. A rather advanced, donnish type, we should call him, mad with vanity and ungovernable passions; and maybe Democracy finished the ruin of him, for when the Revolution released him from the Bastille, one of his four prisons, Citizen Sade went so haywire over Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality that some of his lyric apostrophes to Freedom and the New Age sound like a modern demagogue introducing some new tyranny. He died, somewhat sobered, in the loony-bin at Charenton, having written several bad novels and worse plays. He'd be a leading Bloomsbury figure to-day, and we guess the Fleet Street boys must have mixed him up with somebody else—Mrs. Brownrigg, for instance, who flogged four child-apprentices to death for fun.

We wouldn't want you, incidentally, to think we are "getting at" our inky fellow-serfs, whom

we love and admire. Nobody could have been more shocked than they at such goings-on, and the sole object of all those columns of detailed lushness was to warn the Race against carving ladies up. Or so we understand from a chap on the Circulation Side.

Houpla

"MIGRANT birds often turn up in the most unlikely places," laughed our favourite Nature boy, little dreaming that he was expressing in one perfect phrase the essence of French Vaudeville.

Possibly the vaudeville boys got the idea themselves from observing the wayward habits of the curlew, the dabchick, and the grebe? That would be about 1830, *temp.* Louis-Philippe, when the classic form of Palais-Royal farce as we know and love it today was fixed once and for all. Never can the familiar theatre-cry "*I got an idea!*" have rung out so triumphantly as when the first long-haired vaudevillist rushed in from Foully-les-Oies (Seine-Inf.), and told M. le Directeur and the backstage boys about the amusing birdies. M. le Directeur would be morose and sceptical, as usual.

"So what?"

"Well, listen—what if Fifi and Tinette turned up unexpectedly in Monsieur Bobinot's bedroom?"

(Yes, that's new. That's new. M. le Directeur ponders it for some time.)



"And then what?"

"Well, everybody rushes in—Mme. Bobinot and Lulu and the gendarmes and the Nude Lady and the Comte and Monsieur Turlupin, the whole lot, and they all dive under beds and in and out, causing endless merriment and confusion."

"H'm."

Plainly *les moustaches du chat*, the biggest dramatic sensation since Racine. Having ensured (Law of November 8, 1835) that nothing should be changed henceforth except the title of the farce, Louis-Philippe was able to abdicate with a clear conscience.

Check

ONE advantage of buying the island of Stroma, Hebrides, now offered at £3500, is that you could push into the sea anybody landing on it without permission, which is what the menials of rich owners of certain Hebridean islands presumably do.

This would have solved all Mary Rose's problems, one feels. Landing with a dancing step on the Island-Which-Likes-To-Be-Visited-But-Only-With-The-Written-Permission-of-Sir-Nero-Rümbelgütz, she'd doubtless have tried that arch trick of butting people playfully in



"Hullo—what did I do that was right?"

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THE Scottish express thundered northwards through the night. Suddenly there was a grinding of brakes, and the train came to a standstill. Windows were dropped and inquiring faces appeared. The guard went down the length of the train, inquiring who had pulled the emergency chain. He came at length to a compartment where a dear old lady sat benignly.

"Thank you so much," she said, "but you need not have stopped the train. What I want is a nice cup of tea, with two lumps of sugar, please."

A PROMINENT American travelling in Italy on behalf of his Government stopped at a small inn for the night and instructed the native courier who accompanied him to enter his name in accordance with the local police regulations. Later in the evening he asked the servant if he had complied with his orders.

"Yes, Sir," was the reply.

"How did you write my name?" asked the American.

"Well, Signor, I can't pronounce it," was the reply, "but I copied it from your portmanteau, Sir."

The American could not remember having affixed his name to his luggage, but being very tired, decided not to press the matter. The next morning he saw the light, when upon coming downstairs, he was greeted by the desk clerk with "Good morning, Signor Warranted Solid Leather."



"The beauty of this flat is that we're not overlooked"

the stomach. No good. Then, perhaps, a roguey sidelong glance or two. No good. Wossat? Boys, she's got a date with the fairies! You *don't* say!

The late celebrated owner of Lundy Island never actually hurled intruders into the sea, though the great height of the cliffs must have been sorely tempting. Skomer, nearby, is a full-reserve tenanted exclusively by puffins and gannets, so bird-watchers shoot trespassers dead, but not roughly. No force of any kind is used by the monks on beautiful Caldey, a little further west. Steephelm and Flathelm, to the east, we know nothing about. It seems that only in the Hebrides are there islands to be visited exclusively in dreams. And quite possibly psychiatrists are employed nowadays to deal with that. Hey, you, there's a man in Kensington keeps dreaming about My Island. Yes, Sir Caliban. Well, stop him. Yes, Sir Caliban.

In Sussex, we read, there is a village sweep who calls himself a fluonomist and charges a penny more per chimney accordingly. Can the lover of Progress blame him?

Beauticians and chiropractors and morticians and fluonomists and platologists, who wash up your crockery, and carnicians, who sell you meat, and caligopolitors, who polish your shoes—naturally they all charge handsomely, and especially Public Relations Officers, who flourish marvellously in America and release publicity (you discover the difference between concocting news and "releasing publicity" when you get the bill). We once asked a very expensive P.R.O. if his relations with the public—which often deepen into romantic love—are ever thwarted. He admitted that now and again, when he had something especially good for the Social Columns concerning the delightful doings of a millionaire client's family, some hardfaced baby in a newspaper office might chuck it in the waste-basket. Of course, he added, that didn't affect the old payroll. No, siree.

Why a fluonomist makes more than a sweep, just as a P.R.O. makes more than an ordinary publicity boy, is very easy to understand. They satisfy that rage for higher things which devours the public when it isn't filling in pool-forms.

A DELEGATE to the United Nations Conference in San Francisco was being heckled about the Polish question during an interview. He finally turned to the heckler and asked:

"Are you the man from Tass?"

Insisting that he had no connection with the Soviet news agency, the man said: "I speak for the Lublin Government."

"Oh, I see," the delegate dismissed him, "Demi-Tass."



F. J. Goodman

BARBARA WHITE

One of the most promising of the new generation of film stars, Barbara White first decided to become an actress when, as a little girl, she visited her aunt's school of dramatic art at Southend-on-Sea. Her first important part was that of Miranda in *The Tempest* at the Stratford-on-Avon Memorial Theatre, but she had her first real chance understudying Glynis Johns in Esther McCracken's *Quiet Week-end*. She was seen in this by Victor Skutesky of Associated British, and, as a result, was cast as Moya in the film *It Happened on Sunday* and made an instant success. Her latest rôle is that of heroine in the screen version of Terence Rattigan's *While the Sun Shines*, which has just been completed. During the war she visited Paris, Brussels, Bruges, Lille, and other cities, playing to the troops in *The Lady From Edinburgh*. She has just become engaged to Kieron Moore, the handsome young Irish actor who made an outstanding success in the recent production of Sean O'Casey's *Red Roses For Me*.



A group at Nyeri when Sir Joseph Sheridan, LL.D., Chief Justice of Kenya (centre), opened a new Resident Magistrate's Court for Mr. M. D. Lyon, M.A., LL.B. (Cantab.), the former Somerset cricketer, who commanded an anti-aircraft battery during the war. Sir Joseph, who is shortly retiring, has been Chief Justice since 1934

Scoreboard

R. R. Robertson Glasgow.

M. D. LYON, who has just had a new Resident Magistrate's Court opened for him at Nyeri, Kenya Colony, might, with a little more of *je ne sais quoi*, have been another Jack Hulbert.

He had melody, wit; the light fantastic in toe, touch, and tongue. But, like most of the too variously brilliant, he had a demon of restlessness. He sipped each flower and changed every hour. Nor could he suffer a fool; least of all, an unfair fool. He just *had* to tell authority where to alight.

AS a batsman in the early 1920's he often carried Somerset on his broad shoulders. He was due for the England team to Australia. Believe me, such players as Washbrook, Edrich, Fishlock, Ikin, good as they are, are selling-platers compared to the M. D. Lyon who knocked 120 off the Players at Lord's in 1923 and, three years later, scored 136 against the Australians at Taunton in a way that made the leathery little wizard, Clarrie Grimmett, take cover behind the umpire. But they left Lyon behind. And he told them about it. Years brought the philosophic mind, diplomacy, calm; but scarcely blunted his batting skill. Twenty years after that century against the Players, and now a Lieut.-Colonel, he scored 101 at Lord's against Balloon Command, who included Alec Bedser. Lyon wrote a book on cricket, but I prefer to remember him as the author of "Supply me with the Monkey Gland," and "O Daddy, don't go to the Fire." Perhaps he inherited literary leanings from his 21-stone father, J.M.L., who, a month before he died, asked me to collaborate in a Dictionary of Words that are not Pronounced as they are Spelt.

DOOLAND, the Australian, whose subtle spins unhooked the England batsmen the other day, began as a fast bowler, but was advised to turn

slow by his father. This is yet another proof that parental interference in cricket is always. Hades for someone. "If only you'd put Cecil on at the Pavilion end."

Mothers are worse. As my Uncle John used to say, with tears in his eyes: "Never marry a girl who can distinguish a googly from an orthodox off-break." Normally quick-footed against this threat, I was cornered once on top of the pavilion at Cambridge. A mother had just seen her son given out l.b.w., and asked me what I thought. I said I wasn't looking; but she didn't believe me. Then there was Yorkshire Annie, who, in the late 1930's, used to follow the champions about and loudly require that Bill Bowes be put on to bowl. In time, she got above herself, and sought to enter grounds without the formality of payment.

MY own father loathed cricket. As a boy at Uppingham, he spurned the opportunity of being coached by H. H. Stephenson, first captain of England in Australia, whom he regarded as an over-hot salesman of equipment. When I asked him for money to spend on cricket tours, he sent it, remarking, "Compared with fishing, cricket is a waste of time." I would then remind him of our two weeks on the River Lee, Cork, when we didn't even catch a cold. But cricket coaches take the tightest strain from the fanatical father:—

"Put on those pads," his father said,
As if conversing with the dead,
"And show the gentleman the stroke
Concerning which I lately spoke."

"Take off those pads," his father said
(Resuming converse with the dead),
"You've shown the gentleman the stroke
By which my heart, and mother's, broke."



Graham Hurst (Rugby and Christ Church), who has a handicap of 2, is Oxford's golf secretary. He got his Blue in March



David Henley (Harrow and Trinity) is hoping to get his Blue for golf at Oxford. He served in the Fleet Air Arm during the war



D. R. Stuart

Fraser Macdonald, the Oxford golf captain, seen with his wife, was a P.O.W. for five years. He is going to be a doctor

University Golfers
in Training

Pictures in the Fire

Sabretoche

ONCE upon a time, and not so very long ago at that, there used to be a saying on that exciting and picturesque North-West Frontier of India, that the life of any down-countryman was worth exactly that of any hen. At the time of which I speak, you could buy sixteen hens for one rupee, in which coin there were sixteen annas, so you can work it out without the aid of a pencil and paper exactly how much the local inhabitants thought of anyone who came from anywhere south of the Punjab.

Only the British Sirkar and the collection of Khanzadars ("the nobly born") who lived in Peshawur, and worked hand in glove with the British, "Khanzadars," had the hands to hold the people, who demand a real artist on the other end of the strings. In course of time these Khanzadars, who were people after the tribesmen's own heart, melted away, and were replaced by some other people who called themselves Duniyadars—Persian for "Owners of the World." Nobody but themselves thought that way about them. In fact, they were people who had got rich quickly, had no *savoir-vivre*, and, of course, no manners. The nearest translation in a western tongue to describe these gentlemen would be "parvenus."

Anyway, they were not a success. They had no hands at all. The frontier deteriorated in every possible way, and in some ways which cost a lot of money and also a lot of blood. Apparently musketry has also deteriorated; or was that Khyber episode a huge leg-pull?

The Foreign Onslaught

It was only to be expected that there would be much talk "about it and about" in clubs and other such places where men *bukh*, as to the real reason for this almost devastating foreign swoop upon some of the most valuable prizes of the English Turf, and the apparent inability of our doughtiest to check it.

Many ideas have been put forward, some of them reasonable, others not so. Personally, I about the suggestion that the great defeat is due to a deterioration in British bloodstock, and that our breeders have deserved it because they have got into a rut, which causes the production of the mediocre which looks good, until something, not bred in our rut, comes along and shows it up for what it is, "fair to good medium."

The incident which seemingly has most upset people is the Sovereign one—that win with his ears cocked from Ireland's best and England's best. I say nothing about the Irish colt, excepting that he had to miss the Leger at The Curragh, and that he may not have been as ready to hand out the best that was in him as his connections would have desired. As to our own Airborne, the form was so obviously false that we ought not to give it a second thought. If that King George VI. Stakes running were true, then our Derby and Leger winner cannot get even 1½ miles in top-class company.

This we know is sheer nonsense. We have got to ride much wider to find the reason for these devastating French and Irish victories. There was never a truer word spoken than that "an army marches upon its stomach." A judiciously-filled manger will produce a better horse than one that is only half-full, and at that, with oats not of the best quality.

Those War Years

THE statement that the war had no real effect upon our racing stock, and that we are now trying to cloak our errors in breeding by blaming the whole thing on them, is not only quite unworthy, but holds no water. Lord Rosebery, President of the Thoroughbred Breeders' Association, in the address from the chair at the meeting on December 10, 1945, said:

All members of our Association know that we had to diminish our studs by at least 40 per cent. by the direction of the Ministry of Agriculture, as the

consequence of the ploughing up of land and the shortage of feeding-stuffs.

In November 1943, Mr. Gerald Deane, an almost unassailable authority, roundly declared, in a published statement, that racing had been subjected to an unnecessarily raw deal, and there had been no need to cut it to ribbons in the way the Government had done, both damaging the breeding industry and lowering the morale of a very large body of our people. Mr. Gerald Deane further charged that the Stewards of the Jockey Club had not stood up to the Government as stoutly as they might have done, and that they had a very good brief the moment that Regional racing was decided upon.

That is possible; but I think most of us realise that the Stewards were in a cleft stick. Whatever argument they might have advanced would inevitably have come up against that immovable object, "Military Necessity." You cannot go through it, and there is no way round. So here we have two witnesses of credit in disproof of the statement that our breeders are seeking to hide their ineptitude behind a false screen.

The six years of rationing, of course, have had their effect, and it is only the ungenerous who would set up the suggestion that they did no damage at all. Reduce horses to waistcoats. Have those lean years of war, followed by these very lean years of peace, had no effect upon the filling of your waistcoat? Of course they have! Men and animals in this country have been on bare Navy over far too long a period, and it is not possible to put back the loss in a flash. The effect is cumulative and very damaging, and we all know it, put as brave a face on it as we may. Our critics also know it, and likewise know that they are doing their job of set purpose.

Is it not about time that we abandon the pastime of holding the baby and realise that Charity begins at home? A limit might well be set to our giving, particularly so since instead of thanks we get curses.

The Other Side

AT this stage of the proceedings I think we might usefully recall Lord Rosebery to the witness-box. Speaking at the meeting of the British Bloodstock Breeders' Association held in March 1943, his Lordship said:

When this war ends there will be numerous difficulties with regard to the eligibility of names of horses and mares to be entered in this book [The British Thoroughbred Stud Book]. For instance, I have been credibly informed that a number of mares, some of them of the highest class, and one of them a classic winner, have been commandeered to make a stud for Ribbentrop, who is, I am told, racing in France, having assumed a name very well known on the Continent. I cannot believe that these animals will be admitted to The Stud Book, at any rate, until they are restored to their rightful owners.

Such being the condition of affairs during the German occupation of France, is it likely that there existed the same restrictions on racing and fodder as were enforced here, greatly to the detriment of our thoroughbred livestock? Is it not virtually certain that the Germans did all in their power to encourage and foster breeding and racing, believing, as they did, that they were in France and other places for keeps?

They never believed in the possibility of a successful invasion of the Continent of Europe from these islands. El Alamein did not fully convince them of the bad wicket upon which they were batting. One of their generals said that Alamein was decisive. It is extremely doubtful whether the mass of Germans believed him. So why should they not give the French horses full manglers? They had plenty of fodder and to spare, and our air attack, they thought, was just a flash in the pan. Besides, they were quite sure that they had a bigger flash up their sleeves. We now know what V3 could have done.



Mrs. Hutchison-Bradborne, who was one of the judges, and Mrs. Ingles were well wrapped against the weather. With them is Sir Walter Morrison Low



One of the youngest riders was Miss Annely Drummond-Hay, on her pony Malti. She is the daughter of Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, of Seggieden, Perthshire



Miss Patricia Black, Sir Robert Spencer-Nairn, who was created a baronet in 1933, and Mrs. Ingles. A large assembly of followers from many parts of Scotland gathered at the Hunter Trials

The Fife Hunter Trials at Annsmuir



The Queen at Burlington House

The King and Queen recently visited the exhibition of their own pictures from the Royal Palaces—probably the greatest private collection in the world—at the Royal Academy, under ideal conditions of display. The Queen is seen admiring "The Adoration of the Shepherds," by Jacopo Bassano, with Tintoretto's "Portrait of a Dominican" near by. Her companion is Sir Alfred Munnings, R.A., President of the Royal Academy. Jennifer writes of the exhibition on page 172

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"The Clearing House"

"Children of Vienna"

"Get Away Old Man"

"Here Comes a Chopper"

"THE CLEARING HOUSE" (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.) is a selection from the writings of John Buchan, arranged by his wife. Lady Tweedsmuir has sub-titled the book "A Survey of One Man's Mind": this shows the idea behind the choice and arrangement; and the idea has been worthily carried out.

Few men of our time can have had wider interests or shown a more diverse and balanced development of the faculties than did the late John Buchan—last known to the world as Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada. As novelist of action and adventure, his name has an abiding hold on most people's imaginations—but the writing of those open-air, exciting, heroic books was only one facet of his powers. Professor Gilbert Murray, who writes the preface, first knew John Buchan when the latter was seventeen, and the two kept in touch throughout after-life.

One might have foreseen [says Gilbert Murray] the great series of romances he would write, but no one knowing that clever and sensitive boy, in love with letters and Scottish legends and the memories of the countryside, would have expected for him a career of administration in South Africa, of the management of a great publishing firm, a seat in the House of Commons and, then in the House of Lords, and finally a memorable record as Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. The stories which would have been amply enough life-work for an ordinary man of letters seem to have been to Buchan a relaxation and a pastime. Some of the

best were written when he was ill in bed, but there is never a trace of slack work about them.

"THE CLEARING HOUSE" has a title which, once one knows the quotation from which it comes, links up with the total impression the book leaves on the reader. The quotation is from Sir Walter Scott: "There was a clearing-house in his soul where all impulses were ordered and adjusted, and this repose gave him happiness." From this repose came the fairness to be felt in all John Buchan's judgments of people, dead or living, distant in time or near; and the order of his own impulses made for a remarkable perspicacity. He was without the narrowness, ignorance and prejudice which, one must fear, render many other writers imperfect as human beings and leave a trace of human imperfection, or incompleteness, in otherwise great creative work.

I had [says John Buchan] friends in commerce and finance, in the Army and Navy and Civil Service, in most branches of science and scholarship, and especially in the law and politics. But as a writer it was my misfortune to be too little in the society of writers. This was partly due to my preoccupation with other interests. My upbringing never gave me the chance of the pleasant Bohemianism associated with the writer's craft. As a publisher I came to know many authors, English and French, but it was only a nodding acquaintance. I must confess, too, I fear, that I rarely found a man of letters who interested me as much as members of other callings.

A writer must inevitably keep the best of himself for his own secret creative world. I had no appetite for studio talk. . . . My taste was for things old and shabby and unpopular.

That apartness of his from literary coteries was, John Buchan's readers must feel, a decided gain. The personal freshness of his approach to all subjects was never blurred by self-consciousness or by derived "manner." His love for the world as it is and respect for things as they are remained uninfected by literary fashions.

LADY TWEEDSMUIR has arrived at the many-sided view we should desire to have of this many-sided man by ranging the excerpts from her husband's books under nine headings—"The Historian"; "Portraits" (comprising Classical, Scots and English, Some Thinkers and Writers and Modern Vignettes); "The Law and Some Lawyers"; "Autobiographical"; "Landscapes"; "Sport"; "Reflections and Judgments"; "Poems" and "Scenes from Novels." It would be impossible, and unnecessary, to draw comparisons between the merit and enjoyability of the writing in these different veins. Personally, my own love of biography and of the study of human nature against a historic background draws me strongly to the second section, "Portraits." On the subject of two great Cæsars, Julius and Augustus, John Buchan is admirable—and not less so, if at less length, in dealing with their contemporaries: Vercingetorix the Gaulish warrior, Cleopatra

(the manlike ability for affairs shown by this prototype of fatal feminine charm is, he points out, often overlooked), Brutus (whom he is far from considering "the noblest Roman of them all"), Cicero, Horace, Virgil, Herod, and Augustus's difficult, spirited daughter Julia.

Cromwell was notably one of John Buchan's great subjects; and Lady Tweedsmuir has done well in being generous in quotations from that biography. Out of this same period come the portraits of the Kings Charles I. and II., as of Strafford, Hampden, Laud, Montrose and Argyll. In the last group of the section we have such opposing types as Calvin and Sir Walter Scott.

Imagination and judgment reached an unusual blend in this writer's mind. "Landscapes"—Scottish, Canadian and South African—show how words can be used like the painter's brush. Indeed, what a part does landscape play in the novels. The same feeling for weather and countrysides is strong in some of the autobiographical pieces; as it is, indeed, throughout "Sport"—in those vivid paragraphs about fishing, shooting, deer-stalking, mountaineering and golf. The other faculty, judgment, comes into strongest play on subjects which are near the bone just now—the mentality of the German people, the aftermath of war, democracy, puritanism, and the Moderate Man.

The Clearing House is a book to possess. It is a book which, having once read, one will take down and search through from time to time—seeking strength for one's sometimes sore-tried belief in life and refreshment for one's own often tired thought.

* * *

"CHILDREN OF VIENNA," by Robert Neumann (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), is a novel no grown-up person should miss. I recommend it to you not for your enjoyment, though it is brilliantly written, but for your thought. You may not thank me for urging it on you, for it is deeply troubling—it sticks a toe in a door that many of us, instinctively, would prefer to close.

I myself, these days, am inclined to by-pass novels which seem gratuitously painful: have little patience with worked-up situations, mere self-analysis and luxuriant nerve-storms, with people (as one's charlady says) "creating": the heroes and heroines of one great class of fiction seem to me to require a nip or kick. But in *Children of Vienna* nothing is worked up, or played up: if anything, the tragic situation is played down. The book has the unmistakable ring of truth: it cannot but be a document in the form of fiction.

The time is the winter of 1945-46, in "liberated" Vienna. A group of children are living in a cellar under the shifting rubble-raps of a destroyed house—once the well-to-do home of one of the group, Curly. The children range in age from fifteen-year-old Eve—who in order to live and help the others to live has become a prostitute—to Tiny: seven, hunger-swollen, unable to walk yet or to talk except in inarticulate sounds. Between come the boys: Yid—the master-mind of the group—the still sturdy Goy, and the aforesaid Curly—cherubic, indomitable little product of upper-class Vienna.

The most moving thing about these children is their childishness: an innocence conserving inside itself unspeakable memories of life. Almost all have been in concentration camps; their parents have either been dragged to death in the gas-chamber or have disappeared under circumstances hardly less appalling. The children are now, apparently, no one's business: they must fend for themselves—and fend for themselves they do. They ask, and receive, nothing from the outside world. They have grown up to regard authority as their foe; the pausing of an official footstep on the pavement outside their cellar's window is to be dreaded. "They" might requisition the cellar and turn the children out.

* * *

YES, this is home—this dark place. It is more than a hide-out; it is the centre of the routine, the little proprieties and affections the children have built up around themselves and each other—in unconscious imitation of what they have lost and, by now, all but forgotten. With devastating and heartbreaking matter-of-factness, wholly childish, they accept

BOWEN ON BOOKS

facts as they are. Between themselves they chatter and plan, boast and talk tall, squabble and make it up again. The dog Herr Müller, though officially, as Goy reminds the others from time to time, "for eating," becomes accepted confidant of the group. So does Ate, Eve's prim little friend of the flaxen pigtails, a former Hitler Mädchen. Eve herself, uncorrupted by her profession, remains a typical fifteen-year-old at heart. Here, in the cellar, sits Ate, paying an afternoon call: Eve, hostess, is dispensing turnip-peel tea.

Ate drank tea, gracious. She said: "I am fed up with corpses."

"That's it," Eve said. "Fed up is the word. They roped me in to see a film yesterday. Not a film to pay for going to, but just roped me in—what do you say? Military police. I thought first it was a round-up for delousing or for some digging; they with their graves, you know. But no, all they wanted of you was you must go see a film."

"No."

"Yes. And what sort of a film? Corpses. In a camp. Belsen Camp. What do they make a film of corpses for? Is there anyone who hasn't seen corpses in a camp?"

"With music?" Ate asked.

"No music. Corpses." She poured more tea. "It is nice, though, going to a film. Soft seats and all."

Ate said: "I like films about things that don't exist. Love and such things."

"I used to like films about the Führer," Eve said.

Ate said: "I like them about real love . . ."

The dialogue, with its naïveté and naturalness, proceeds to a point where it is unquotable, or, at any rate, not to be quoted here. The conversations throughout *Children of Vienna* are full of things that we prefer to ignore; and of which, under Providence, we are still able to keep our children in ignorance. To this band they are the commonplaces of life.

Why, then, is there still something sublime about this novel? It is not either brutal or brutalising. It contains, also, one (though I am sorry to say only one) lovable and generous grown-up figure—that of the Rev. Hoseah Washington Smith, coloured clergyman, chaplain to the American coloured forces in Vienna. Smith, blundering one morning into the cellar, becomes involved with the children and tries to help them. His failure, and its reasons, is a severe indictment: those whom the cap fits may well resent this book.

* * *

"GET AWAY OLD MAN" (Faber; 6s.) is a new Saroyan play—or, rather, newly-published Saroyan play: the actual New York performance, I notice, was in November 1943. It was, the author informs us, poorly received by the critics, and ran only thirteen nights. Now why, I wonder? I am not a whole-hearted Saroyan enthusiast—for me, he skitters about too much, and I suspect him of basic sentimentality—but I should have expected this play to go down well. The insanities of Hollywood are, it is true, a well-worn theme; but one meets, so far, few indications that the public in general can have too much of them. And as theatre, *Get Away Old Man*, with its quick-fire talk and effective exits and entrances, would seem first rate.

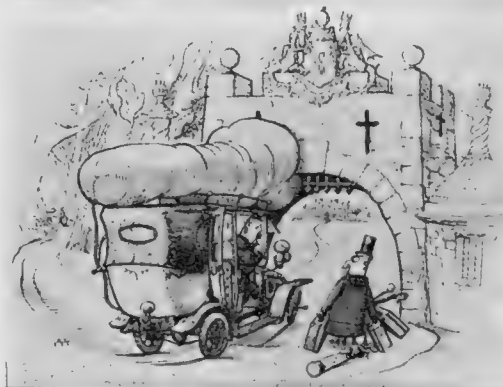
As this piece could not bore, it must, I suppose, have offended. A film magnate is trying to induce a brilliant but intractable young author to write a film story about American motherhood. The play's angle is somewhat satiric: in 1943 New York this may not have been the thing.

* * *

G LADYS MITCHELL, ever expert scene-painter, varies her backgrounds delightfully: in her latest detective story, *Here Comes a Chopper* (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.), she strews headless corpses about the fair glades of Surrey. Her manner is considerably less gruesome than her theme—humour is frequent and characterisation, as ever, brisk and good. The trail of children and young persons whom Mrs. Bradley collects, and is helped by, in the course of her investigations seems to suffer little distress or shock. An unusually (for an English detective story) "strong" passionate situation lies behind the crime.



"I say, that's awfully nice! I wonder what it WAS?"



"... a little matter of the camel, the heye of the needle, and the basic, your Grace . . ."



"THAT'S Noel Harbinger, the 'Christmas-card specialist, going on location'"

The drawings reproduced on this page are, of course, by Roland Emmett. No other draughtsman of our time has captured so vividly the delicate quirk of the funnel of the 8.15, or the nostalgic magnificence of the early mechanically-propelled taximeter cab. These masterly studies come from *Sidings and Suchlike* (Faber and Faber; 8s. 6d.). This is his new collection, a collector's item if ever there was one

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Wood — Bennett

Cdr. Wilfred Knoyle Wood, R.N.V.R., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Wood, of Carisbrooke, Ilfracombe, Devon, married Miss Marylee Bennett, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Bennett, of Oxley House, King's Lynn, at St. Margaret's Church, King's Lynn



Loveys — Long

Mr. J. Colin Loveys, elder son of Mr. Walter Loveys, and the late Mrs. Loveys, of Bilsham, Yafion, married Miss Ann Eileen Long, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Long, of Fourays, Strand Way, Felpham, Sussex, at St. Mary's Church, Felpham



Gibbs — Coffin

Capt. Ian Leslie Gibbs, the Lancashire Fusiliers, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gibbs, of the Chestnuts, Bickley, Kent, married Miss Pamela Maureen Coffin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Coffin, of Beam Ends, Bickley, Kent, at St. George's, Hanover Square



Greening — Wiltshire

Mr. John Richard Greening, only son of the Rev. and Mrs. E. W. Greening, of the Vicarage, Swords, Co. Dublin, married Miss Laura Desirée Wiltshire, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rex Wiltshire, of Weston-super-Mare, in Dublin



Fox — Eastment

Mr. John Robert Fox, eldest son of Sir John and Lady Fox, of Girsby Manor, Lincolnshire, married Miss Jane Eastment, youngest daughter of the late Surg.-Cdr. A. G. Eastment, R.N., and of the late Mrs. Eastment, of White House, Drayton, Somerset, at Burgh-on-Bain, Lincolnshire



Bolton — Hickman

Mr. Peter R. Bolton, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Bolton, of Delph Lane, Hyde Park, Leeds, married Miss Peggy Dalton Hickman, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Hickman, of Sandmoor Drive, Atwoodley, at Adel Church



Thrilling!
says

MRS. GARY COOPER,
beautiful wife of the distin-
guished Hollywood actor:—

*"The lovely lips in Holly-
wood mean real com-
petition. That's why I
was overjoyed with the
new Tangee colours"*

Hollywood's verdict of the new
Tangee "Petal-Finish" Lipsticks is
that they're thrilling—giving your
lips a soft alluring gleam. In these
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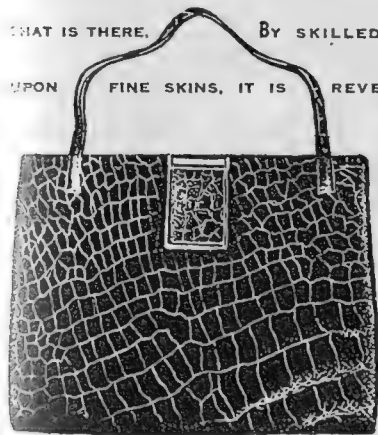


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Peter Clark

FASHION PAGE BY WINIFRED LEWIS

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TO DANCE



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Oliver Stewart on FLYING

OLD aeroplanes never die and they seem to take much longer in fading away. It is by no means unusual to enter a hangar on a strange aerodrome and to see, pushed away in one corner, some old aeroplane like a Sopwith triplane, or an S.E.5, or a Camel.

And now some of the old light aeroplanes are beginning to put in a surprising reappearance. Widgeons and Pixies and Snails are reported to have been seen—though it might have been their ghosts. The designs of the post-World War I period were better than we realized at the time.

There was the Austin aircraft—I think it was called the Whippet—which had many features of real value to private flyers. It and many of the others deserved a better fate than to fade away into oblivion. And then there was, of course, the Sopwith Pup—a single-seat fighter in its day, but a machine which now would be considered a delightful entertainment aircraft.

The Pup had that most exquisite of all engines, the 80-h.p. Le Rhone. It had a top speed of about 115 m.p.h. and it was the handiest thing ever invented. At the controls of a Pup a pilot tasted the full flavour of flight. If someone took over the Pup design now and put it into series production they would sell an aircraft more pleasing to fly than most machines of today, certainly as safe and—power for power—no slower.

Speed and Safety

ONE of Lord Nathan's first public utterances, after he had become Minister of Civil Aviation, was to the effect that he proposed to place a much greater emphasis upon improved safety than on greater speed on the air lines.

That is a sound view to take; but it is worth recalling that, in aviation, speed and safety are not in direct opposition. On land and sea it might be argued that there is an almost direct opposition and that the faster you go, the more dangerous it becomes. In flying, however, it can more often be said that the slower you go, the more dangerous it becomes.

I imagine that by far the greatest number of accidents have been precipitated by a stall, or in other words by too slow a speed. I am a little doubtful if Lord Nathan had fully grasped this point. We want more safety in air travel and we must concentrate a supreme effort upon obtaining it; but we do not want to think that in obtaining it we must necessarily sacrifice speed.

Had I been advising the Minister I would have urged him to sum up his policy by saying that he proposed to concentrate upon securing *high-speed safety* in air travel. The point has never been better put than in the famous M.G. advertisement where the phrase is "Safety Fast."

Light, More Light

THERE is still justification in the complaint made by some air travellers that they feel too "cooped up" in the average transport aircraft cabin. The reason is not that they have too few cubic metres of space per head; but that they have too little light per head.

The windows of aircraft cabins tend to be too small. The problems of providing large windows are many and difficult. With a thing like an aircraft fuselage, which derives some of its strength from the skin, you cannot slash huge holes all along the sides.

Yet more could be done to provide larger windows. Large windows give more confidence to air travellers than the most glamorous stewardess. And the right thing is to make the windows also the emergency exits. I have never understood the reasoning (if there was any) behind those astonishing emergency exits they so often provide in the most inaccessible parts of aircraft cabins. The window is the nearest and most useful emergency exit. Every window should be designed to fulfil this secondary purpose.

Exit Visas

IN proposing the abolition of visas and, more important, in taking the first steps to achieve that end, the British Government—coupled with the name of Mr. Ernest Bevin—has done something to deserve the commendation of everybody with an interest in aviation.

Aviation, more than any other activity, is hampered by all the restrictive paraphernalia of international travel. The simpler international travel becomes, the better for flying. National boundaries—at any rate on this side of the globe—are too restricted to permit of the full development of flying. But so long as the crossing of national boundaries is attended by so much formality and so many restrictions, little progress can be expected.

I think it most important that aviation should make known its full approval and support of the Foreign Secretary's action in this matter. The "freedoms" of the Chicago Conference, whether five or fifty, were meaningless while all the other restrictions remained.



Mr. M. L. Bramson, the Kings Langley business man who flies his own Spitfire, was recently married to Miss Josephine Mary Vanner, the actress, of Dorset House, London, N.W.1. They flew for their honeymoon to Tangier in Mr. Bramson's Proctor



freedom
at all times

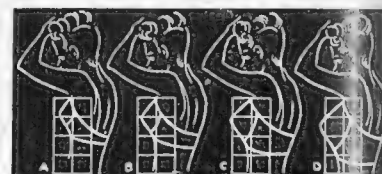
Away from restrictions, away from worry... free to go where she likes and to wear what she likes... that's the woman who uses Tampax! For Tampax means freedom, no matter the date, for Tampax is worn internally... is safer, surer, more hygienic, quite invisible. Leisure times can be pleasure times—on dance floor or golf links, everywhere. And each Tampax is contained in its own individual applicator, ensuring perfect cleanliness.

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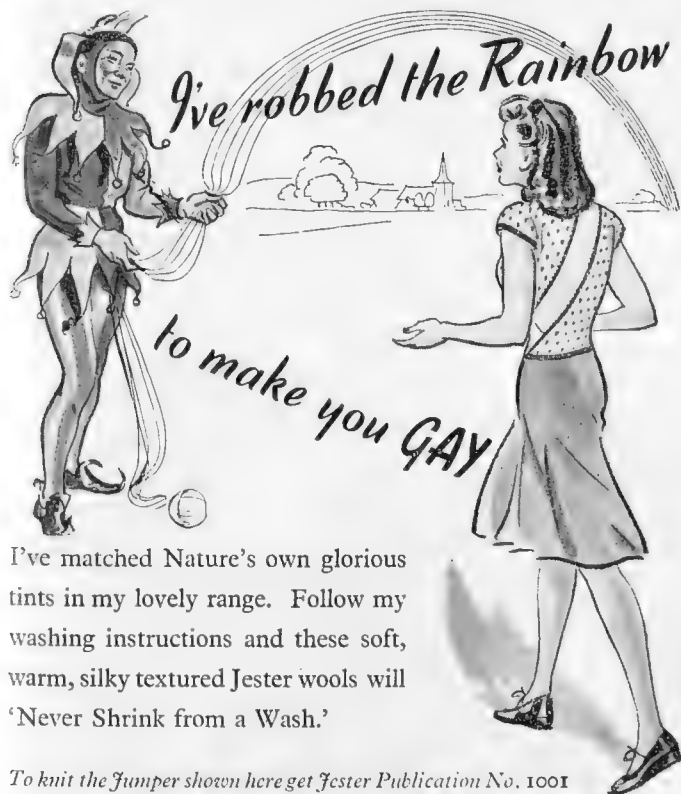


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Game Warden—talking ABOUT ANIMALS

THE spoilt darling of the Zoo is the panda. This little creature, regarded as the star turn of the Gardens, is valued by the authorities at £60,000. Like her predecessor Ming, Unity, the new panda, has a fascination for everyone.

She was recently presented by the Chinese Government to the London Zoo and probably holds the animal record for air travel. Unity was flown from China to England via India in a special plane, accompanied by a Chinese lady zoologist who acted as "personal maid" to her on the journey, and provided with cases of bamboo shoots for her meals. As it was considered necessary to get the journey over as quickly as possible everyone concerned was asked to give the plane and the panda top priority. This enabled the V.I.P. to travel speedily through the tropics and into temperate zones. Even then, owing to her very thick fur coat, Unity had to travel part of the way almost packed in ice.

Pandas consume an enormous amount of young bamboo shoots (they need the roughage to aid their digestion). Although supplies are limited the Zoo has discovered a source of these succulent shoots in a West Country town, and quantities are sent up regularly to London for her main meals.



Miss Unity lunching on bamboo shoots, a diet without which her health would quickly fail. She has been assured of a home-grown supply

SINCE her arrival here in London, Unity has developed a strong personality; Snipping her personal attendant is a pastime, and she has also shown a marked contempt for locks and bars! Quite a number of times she has got out of her enclosure and wandered about the Gardens. Railings considered unclimbable, Unity in her own good time has surmounted with ease. So worried about her adventures were the Zoo authorities that they decided she should be transferred to the "Big House" adjoining, which is strong enough to house the fiercest lion. Unity took a poor view of the change and sulked for days. She knew she was beaten.

With a truly temperamental star's outlook on life she ignores her admiring public and mostly turns her back on the crowds who flock to see her. Munching her bamboo shoots and an occasional apple, she turns an icy stare on everyone.

PANDAS range from the Eastern Himalayas to North-West China. They are mostly found in the thick bamboo forests on mountains at heights from 7,000 to 12,000 feet. To cope with the temperature of their natural habitat they grow a rich thick black fur everywhere except on the face, which is white with black or dark chocolate "smudges" round the eyes.

At The Lansdowne Club



The Duchess of Grafton (right), Chairman of the Committee arranging the St. George's Hospital Ball, chatting during an interval of a Committee meeting at the Lansdowne Club with Miss Pamela Lockett (centre), and Miss Elspeth Farquhar-Spottiswood

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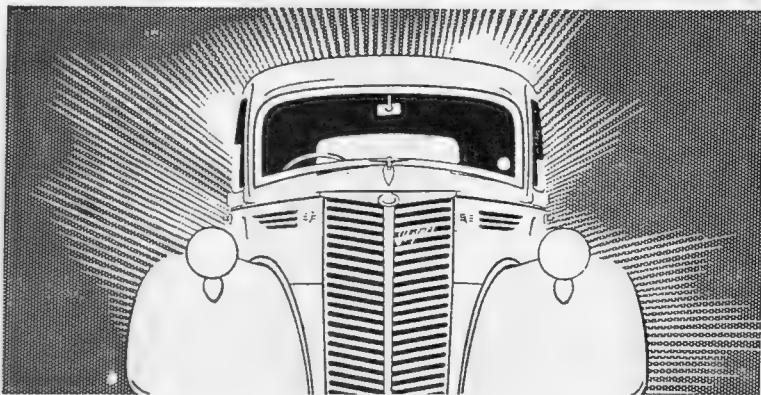
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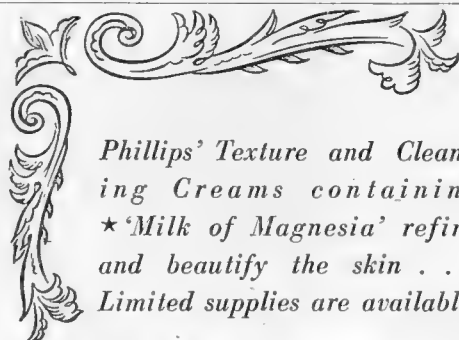
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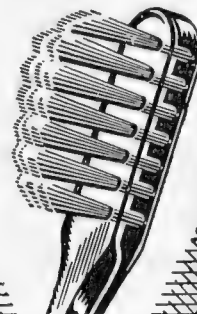
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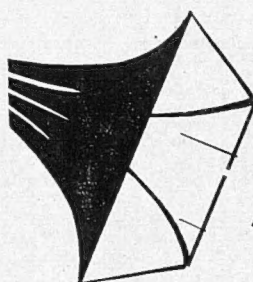


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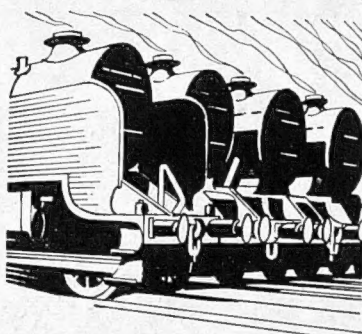
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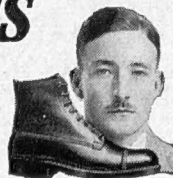
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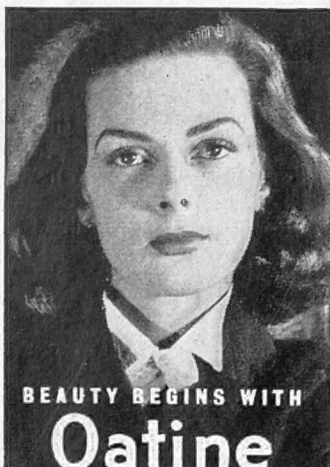
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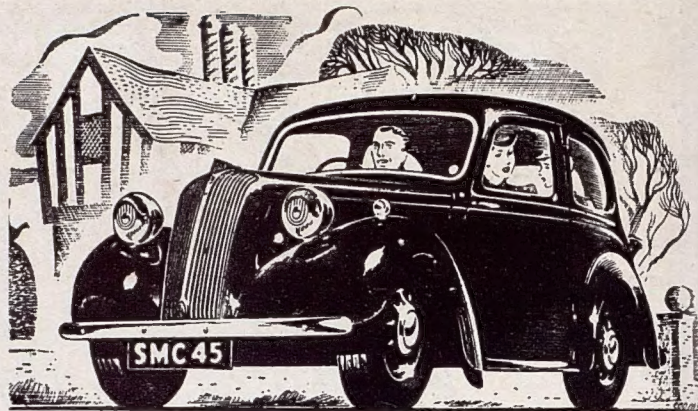
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